HARPER'S WEEKLY

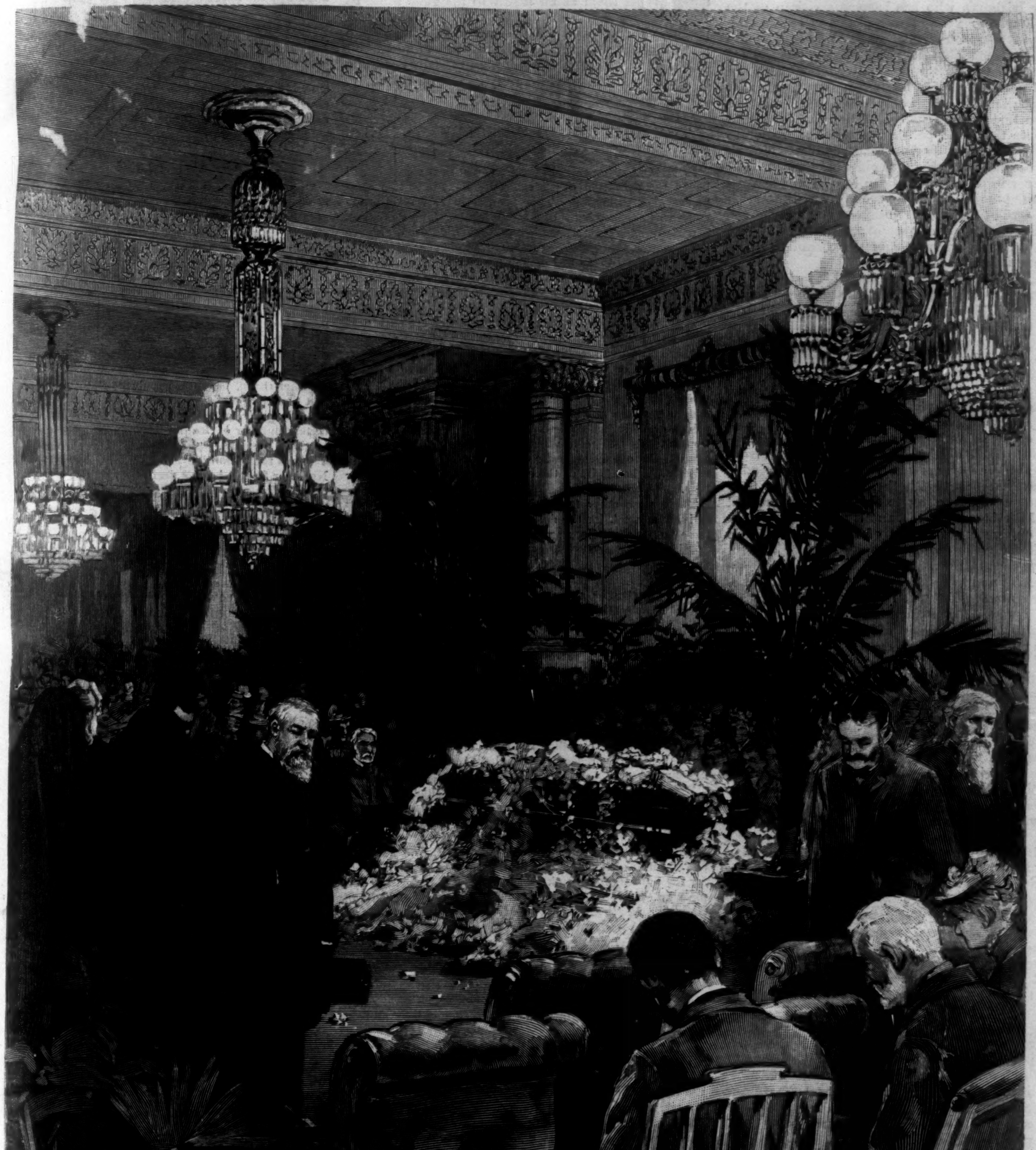
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXXVI.—No. 1872.

Copyright, 1892, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1892.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



THE OBSEQUIES OF MRS. HARRISON IN THE EAST ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON.

DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 1062.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

NEW YORK CITY, NOVEMBER 5, 1892.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

THE IRISHMAN IN THE CAMPAIGN.

THERE is no doubt that a large majority of the American people entertain the heartiest good wishes for old Ireland, and sincerely sympathize with every proper effort that is made to ameliorate the lot of the Irish people. They also recognize the right of every Irishman who has become a citizen of the United States to vote at our elections as his conscience may direct him. They likewise, if they are sensible people, wish to see the vote of naturalized Irishmen and their descendants divided between the different political parties, because it is not well that in a republic like ours party divisions should be drawn on lines of nationality. They find it natural and proper that each political party should wish to obtain the votes of Irish Americans, as it would wish to have the votes of any other class of citizens. But the manner in which Republican leaders and spokesmen in the present campaign seek to win the "Irish vote" is one of the most repulsive symptoms of the moral decay of the once patriotic, high-minded, and proud Republican party, and of the spreading political demoralization of our days.

The foreign immigrant who casts his fortune with us and becomes a citizen of the United States has to renounce all allegiance to any foreign power or country, and to swear fealty to this republic. If this means anything, it means that together with the rights and privileges of citizenship he assumes also its duties, and that thenceforward this is to be regarded by him as his country, and that its welfare and good name are to be considered by him as entitled to his solicitude beyond and above those of any other land. That adopted citizens should feel a certain sympathetic attachment to their old homes and to the people from which they have sprung is natural, and no fair-minded American finds fault with them for it. That they should more or less cling to their old customs and habits of life is natural too, and it may even be said that by cultivating the best of those customs and habits they have in some respects exercised a valuable influence upon American society, which enlightened Americans have always readily and even gratefully recognized. But when the adopted citizen carries the quarrels or aspirations or interests of his native land into American politics, and makes them a guiding and controlling motive in determining his political action with regard to American interests, he does a thing not in accord with the oath he took when he became a citizen of this republic. He then ceases to be a loyal American. That such things have been attempted openly on a large scale can unfortunately not be denied. Demagogues encouraged it; blind partisans, who thought they could turn it to the advantage of their party, winked at it; while every good citizen thought it deserving of condemnation and resentment.

But when the representative leaders and spokesmen of a great political party, and that the party which lays exclusive claim to American patriotism, and boasts of being the party of moral ideas, call upon Irishmen to support the Republican policy and the Republican candidates for the highest offices of the government on the distinct ground that our high protective system hurts England, and that no true Irishman will miss a chance to do England an injury, they go to a length of demagogy far worse in its tendency than anything attempted in this country by the most reckless Irish revolutionists themselves. They are systematically cultivating disloyalty to this republic among our adopted citizens. They are teaching them that they may make a tool of our politics to serve foreign ends. They are inviting foreign interests to become a motive power in that political life which should be devoted to American interests alone. Where will such practices lead us? If arguments appealing to Old-World animosities may be addressed to Irishmen to influence their political action on American questions, why should not similar arguments be addressed to naturalized Germans, or Frenchmen, or Italians? If Irishmen hate England, and are asked to vote for protection because it hurts England, why should not Germans, Frenchmen, and Italians, who love their native countries, be asked to vote against the tariff because it injures Germany, France, and Italy? And if such arguments may be applied to the tariff, why not to other questions of public concern, especially those of foreign policy, making the peace and the honor of the republic the mere game of the likes or hates of the different foreign-born elements of our population? What will become of our political parties, what of the character of our government, if such a course be generally followed? No patriotic American can contemplate the prospect without humiliation and disgust.

That some little brainless demagogue mounting the stump at a cross-roads tavern should, for want of better argument, appeal to his Irish fellow-citizens in such strains, might not be surprising, and do little harm. But when a public man like Mr. **BLAINE**, who has been a Speaker of the House of Representatives, and a Senator of the United States, and a Secretary of State, and a candidate for the Presidency, stoops so low as to countenance appeals of such a character, and when party mouth-pieces all over the country echo them, it is time that all patriotic citizens should open their eyes and rebuke practices so degrading to our political life and so dangerous in their tendency. Every self-respecting Irishman should repel them as an insult to his good sense as well as to his honor, and we trust there is intelligent patriotism enough among Americans to make the party resorting to such scandalous tricks understand that if in this way some votes may be gained on one side, a larger number will surely be lost on the other.

THE SOURCES OF MR. CLEVELAND'S STRENGTH.

IF Mr. CLEVELAND is elected President next week, it will be by the operation of the same popular forces that compelled his nomination. This year, as in 1884, Mr. CLEVELAND was not the choice of the politicians. The Democratic party on each occasion made him its candidate in obedience to an overmastering public sentiment. This year, almost until the meeting of the 22d of February Convention, it seemed as if Governor HILL's nomination would be made necessary by the appearance of unanimity forced by the sharp tactics of the politicians.

If it had not been for the earnest protest of the anti-snappers, and for the wonderful organization of the elements opposed to Governor HILL's ambition, or in favor of Mr. CLEVELAND, or whose love of fair play had been outraged by the midwinter Convention, the Democracy of the nation would likely have felt compelled to ratify the choice of Albany, notwithstanding their doubts of its wisdom and propriety, or their just indignation aroused by the New York Convention's failure to utter a single word of eulogy concerning the one Democratic administration which had administered the affairs of the country for a quarter of a century.

There were other forces than those of the anti-snappers actively at work for the defeat of Mr. HILL. Chief among these was Senator GORMAN, who was wise enough to realize that if Mr. CLEVELAND were not the Democratic candidate, the successful candidate must win by following the path which Mr. CLEVELAND had marked out for his party. There is no doubt that he, more than any single man, turned the tide of Democratic sentiment in the South against Mr. HILL, while in the Western States Mr. CLEVELAND's own personality was strong enough to command a large majority of their delegates.

The anti-snappers, however, furnished a fulcrum for the lever, and gave to Mr. WHITNEY the chance, or occasion, for being present at Chicago as the representative of his former chief. If it had not been for their enrollment and their presence at the Convention, neither Mr. WHITNEY nor any one else could have spoken for New York in opposition to the seventy-two delegates who had been elected by the Albany February Convention.

The men who made Mr. CLEVELAND's nomination possible represented a public sentiment, a popular demand, much broader and deeper than the Democratic party. They embodied the spirit of the people who had risen in revolt against the politicians, who had been calculating the chances and probabilities of their game with their customary unconcern for the desires of the rank and file of the voters. The people who do not take part in caucuses, who are of little account in primaries, who have scarcely any voice in the selection of delegates, demanded Mr. CLEVELAND's nomination, and the politicians obeyed, some of them reluctantly, but all of them with a wholesome conviction that a disregard of the command would result in inevitable defeat.

When the Convention adjourned, the country was ready for a rational and intellectual campaign. The people were tired of the constant tendency of the Republican party to increase tariff taxation, sick of the inevitable corruption that necessarily accompanied the copartnership of the government with certain favored industries, determined that civil service reform should not be abandoned, and convinced that the time had come when the welfare of the country needed the triumph of personal character. It seemed as though the efforts of such men as had organized and made effective the popular feeling in favor of Mr. CLEVELAND's nomination were essential to the success of the campaign, but, owing to the exigencies of party management, the task of direction was placed in other hands, in the control of those who were the regularly chosen leaders of the Democratic party.

The work, however, has gone on as it began. If the campaign depended upon the efforts of the men who usually manage campaigns, the issue of the contest would depend entirely upon the relative degrees of unpopularity of the candidates among the working politicians of the two parties. In view of the pecuniary interest of the protected manufacturers in the preservation of their power to tax the people, it is highly probable that the Republicans would have won. That the probabilities are that the Democratic party will win is due to the fact that Mr. CLEVELAND's nomination introduced into the canvass a new element, entirely beyond the calculation of the men who for twenty years fought for victory on no clearly defined issues of principle.

If he is to be elected next Tuesday, it will be by the votes of the kind of men who compelled his nomination, of the independent men of mind and conscience, whose tremendous force in the politics of the country is discredited by the average working politician until he meets it and goes down before it. Judge GRESHAM, Judge COOLEY, WAYNE MACVEAGH, Judge Cox, and the other heretofore eminent Republicans who have declared their intention of voting for Mr. CLEVELAND, represent a great popular movement, a strong public feeling. Each one of them stands for hundreds of good citizens where a district leader stands for tens. The wise people who have faith in Mr. CLEVELAND's election base their confidence not on the work done by national and State committees, not on the loyalty of this or that part of the machine, but on their knowledge that Mr. CLEVELAND appeals to the conscience of the American people, and when that is aroused nothing can stand before it. It may be that the apathy or disloyalty of the machine might prevent Mr. CLEVELAND's election — certainly nothing else could — and it is certain that it is a necessary adjunct in the campaign, but the forces that are making victory possible are too great to be controlled, or even accurately measured, because they are the results of individual conviction, and are patriotic and unselfish.

CAMPAIGN LITERATURE.

THE present canvass is notable among all those for a score of years back in its freedom from the coarser and more frivolous sort of campaign literature, and though the most striking utterances yet made have been on the side of the Democrats, it is to the credit of the Republicans as well that they have almost wholly refrained, up to the present time, from the kind of advocacy that prevailed in 1884 and 1888. Probably the chief cause of the greater sobriety of both parties is the fact that both candidates for the Presidency are well-known men, both have been tested in the high office for which they have been named, and each unquestionably represents the better element, the purer aspirations, and the more wholesome tendencies of his party. Another cause, which is hardly of less importance, is the fact that the passions surviving from the civil war are not, on either side, generally enlisted. There are, of course, a certain number of feather-heads in each party who appeal to these passions, but their appeals awaken no response. There is really nothing to appeal to. Every rational citizen, North or South, knows perfectly well that whichever way the election may turn the great lines fixed by the war for the course of the government will be followed. If the Democrats win the Presidency and the House, the "rebel debt" will not be paid, or the pensions be left unpaid. If the Republicans regain control, the "carpet-bag" governments will not be set up again in the South, and every white man in that region will be as secure in the possession of his liberty as he is now. Even the force bill is discussed rather because of the centralization as to elections involved in it, and the chance of corrupt returning boards, than because of the fear of negro domination.

In times past the tariff has awakened bitterness enough in all conscience. Even so late as the last Presidential election, the imaginary extracts from English papers, and the handbills representing tariff reformers carrying the British flag, were mild specimens of the protectionist rancor. It is not, we imagine, that they are any less earnest in this direction now, but they are more prudent. They are on the defensive, and their lines are extended and not without weak points. And, what counts for much in their disposition, they have now to contend against many who were formerly their allies. The most threatening foes to McKinleyism are the manufacturers who are fighting for free raw material and a foreign market. It does no good to call these men theorists, or doctrinaires, or British free-traders. They are hard-headed business men, with fortunes to make or lose. They know the tariff, so far as it affects their interests, thoroughly. They are proof against epithets, and they are armed against misrepresentation. So far they have forced the protectionists into a surprising civility.

Apart from these influences, the friends of reform may congratulate themselves that they have enlisted on their side some of the brightest and most authoritative of the public men of the country. The statement of his views submitted by Mr. CARL SCHURZ was a noble essay in political philosophy. The later, briefer, but even more brilliant statement by Mr. WAYNE MACVEAGH was as admirable in form as it was weighty in substance and telling in effect. As the campaign has been conducted up to the present time, it is calculated to strengthen the respect in which our country is held abroad, and to enhance the self-respect of Americans.

SOME PECULIARITIES OF HORSE-DEALING.

BACK of every rosy young face there is a grinning skull. It is temporarily glossed over with flesh, but all the same it is there. It is not incumbent on the casual observer to meditate on the skull whenever he gets a glimpse of the face, but to the biologist complexion and eyes are fleeting matters, and the skull underneath is important and best worth considering.

It is that way with horse shows. In their external exuberance of bloom they are a source of delight to the spectator, but there is a skull beneath them which bears a vitally important relation to the exterior, and is worth looking at by itself. This grim reality below the horse show's glitter is the business of horse-dealing, an avocation of large and increasing importance, and yet of such peculiar characteristics as to be distinctly hazardous to the reputation of people who take it up. That there are and always have been honest horse-dealers it is absurd to doubt, but the immemorial experience of mankind in buying horses is such that demonstrated examples of absolute integrity in selling them excite very much the same sort of admiration as white plumage on blackbirds. Of course there is a dearth of absolutely honest men anyway, but the reputed scarcity of honest horse-dealers cannot be entirely due to that. There are dishonest grocers, but it cannot be said that the grocery business is disreputable. Such a statement is hardly justifiable even of the business of dealing in stocks, and if it can be made of horse-selling there must be special reasons for it.

There are such reasons, and very good ones. They consist largely in the circumstance that two extremely uncertain quantities enter into every sale of horses. One of these is the horse, the other is the purchaser. From the day he is foaled to the day his hoofs go to the glue-factory, every horse is, in a considerable measure, a matter of opinion. There is no absolute certainty what he will do until he has done it, and then there is no absolute certainty what he will do next time. A man under optimistic influences may see a thousand dollars' worth of value in a horse, and sell him next day in a pessimistic mood for three hundred, and all without any variation in the animal, or in the state of the market, or anything else except the owner's feelings. A horse-dealer of the sincerest integrity may sell for a large sum a horse which gave every indication of value. Within a week or a month the horse may develop an incurable ailment which makes him worthless. Nine times out of ten the inexperienced purchaser believes that the dealer cheated him, and an upright man endures the imputation of being dishonest as a penalty for dealing in wares that are subject to sudden fluctuations of value. Of course the temptations of horse-dealing are enormously increased by this liability of seemingly sound horses to go suddenly and unreasonably wrong. Of course, too, a good many dealers yield in greater or less measure to the stress of these temptations. Thus one reason why the reputation of the business is so doubtful is that so many men who go into it too readily convince themselves that *caveat emptor* applies as properly to the vender's representations as to the wares. But another reason is that it is so difficult for even a very **Bayard** of horse-dealers to avoid the imputation of cheating which he did not do.

But that the reputations of honest men are apt to be impaired in horse-dealing is really not the fault of the horse so much as of the other variable quantity, the purchaser. Horses are subject to preventable as well as unforeseen detriment. The more valuable they are, the easier it is to ruin them by misuse or neglect. The dispositions and habits of horses, particularly of young horses, may easily be spoiled in a very little while by the ignorance or spitefulness of grooms. The average horse-buyer knows little about horses, and less about grooms. If he pays a fair sum for a horse, and the animal goes lame or grows vicious, he is apt to assume and to proclaim that he has been cheated. Whereas the mischief may have been wholly unforeseen by the seller, or may all have been done in the buyer's own stable, of the workings of which he has about as much practical knowledge as contemporary scientists have of home life on the planet Mars. Inasmuch as the horse-dealer's business reputation rests very largely on the buyer's testimony, it is evident that the honest dealer who values his fair fame has got to be almost as careful to whom he sells as what he sells.

Thus we see what an extra-hazardous occupation horse-dealing is, and how many reasons careful men can find for keeping out of it. But as a matter of fact men never do keep out of the hazardous occupations. There is a recognized charm about uncertainties, and they are never more alluring than when they go on four legs, and haul carts or jump fences. Men not only sell horses in increasing numbers for profit, but they dabble in the business out of sheer love of adventure and horse, and sell quadrupeds to friend or foe, reckless of the fact that every beast that passes through their hands is a hostage given to society. Such men are the chief instigators of horse shows, which are useful in stimulating trade, and giving them a chance to show their stock, and, above and beyond that, in educating buyers so that they shall not only desire good horses, but shall know them, and know what to do with them after they are bought. In the improvement of the horse and the education of the buyer lies the honest horse-dealer's hope. When sound horses stay sound after they are sold, and buyers learn what they may and what they may not expect, virtue in the horse business will be surer of its reward, and honesty will seem more like a policy and less like a quixotic whim.

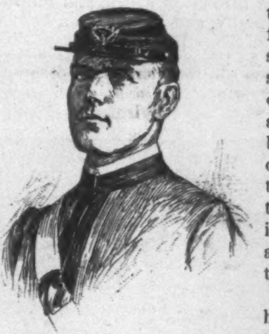
A NATIONAL ROAD LEAGUE.

A LARGE number of representative men from the various sections of the country met in Chicago during the week of the dedication ceremonies of the World's Fair, and organized the National League for Good Roads. The newspapers of Chicago and the rest of the country were so full of reports of the World's Fair ceremonies that this important meeting was to a great extent neglected. This was rather a pity, for it may be that the consequences of this meeting will be of the very greatest importance. Certainly if this National League manages to carry out even one-tenth of the desires of its organizers, it will have accomplished a work of the utmost value. The great difficulty in the way of securing the construction of good roads in this country has always been due to the fact that the country people were unaware of the badness of the roads and the consequences thereof. It is ignorance alone that stands in the way of a reform. The removal of this ignorance is the most necessary thing at this time. The scheme under which the National League is organized presupposes an interest in the movement which, we fear, is too sanguine, though we trust not. It is proposed that there shall be organized a branch, or chapter, of the league in every school district in the country. This is getting very near to the people, as the school district is the smallest of the political subdivisions. If the organizers of the league find that they can secure enough men in each school district to form a branch of the league, then the educational movement, begun only a few years ago, has made wonderful progress towards persuading men of the necessity for the betterment of the roads. But even though this be not accomplished at once, the mere fact that the practical men who have gone into the movement should make so ambitious an effort at this time is a very hopeful sign. Of this National League, General **Manderson**, United States Senator from Nebraska, was elected President, and on the Executive Committee, which will soon meet in New York, are such men as Senator **Stanford**, of California; Judge **Thayer**, of Iowa; **Alexander J. Cassatt**, of Pennsylvania; **W. Seward Webb** and **Roy Stone**, of New York; **Clem Studebaker**, of Indiana; Colonel **A. A. Pope**, of Massachusetts; **Charles L. Burdette**, of Connecticut; and **Chauncey B. Ripley**, of New Jersey. This is a strong committee, and each of the members has long taken an interest in the road-improvement movement.

This present movement was begun by the bicycle riders, each one of whom, as pointed out by Professor **Shaler**, of Harvard, in a careful article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, "becomes a critic of the highway he traverses." These gentlemen started the movement, and their societies and leagues are active in diffusing that knowledge of the benefit of good roads which must be general before any great reform can be expected. Legislation is pending in several of the States, and in many other States there are large and strong societies organized for the special purpose of furthering the movement. With these the bicycle riders are in hearty co-operation. In New York, Senator **Richardson**, who had an excellent bill before the last session of the Legislature, announces that he will offer the bill again at the coming session, and push it with his best energy. But this bill and others of the same kind are likely to hang fire till the people, through an educational process, become aware that the bad roads are a very heavy and unnecessary tax, and a slipper on the wheel of material and social progress.

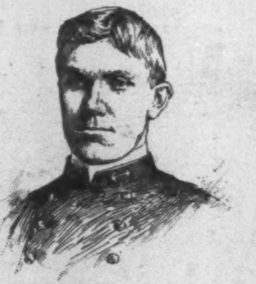
FOOTBALL AT WEST POINT AND ANNAPOLIS.

There are two institutions of learning in this country between which athletic contests would seem to be most natural. They are the Military Academy at West Point and the Naval Academy at Annapolis. They are our only national colleges, and, besides, they are the training-schools for our future soldiers and sailors. There, if anywhere, should be taught the lessons of courage and endurance, and there especially should be developed that alertness of mind which is essential to mastery in the practice of the art of war, and which is not gained except through actual physical contest between man and man.



E. W. Clark, Captain this year's West Point Eleven.

It is a strange fact in the history of these two schools that they have lagged far behind in the modern elevation of athletics to its proper place in our system of education. The cadets and midshipmen are taught mathematics, a little of language, elementary tactics, horsemanship, and navigation. They secure a good "set-up," they are necessarily vigorous and healthy, and they acquire an unbounded respect for manliness and truth-telling. So far as their knowledge of human nature is concerned, however, they leave the academies the simple children that they were when they entered them. They have had no training whatever that will enable them to judge character or to successfully command men, although that is to be the business of their lives. All that they must learn afterwards from the actual practice of their professions. Our future generals and admirals are brought up at the national schools as if the characteristics and idiosyncrasies of humanity were to be learned from books.



M. E. Trench, Captain this year's Annapolis Eleven.

For the last two years the two academies have been contending with each other in the game of football with most beneficent results. The contests have liberalized the young men who took part in them as the game of football alone can liberalize. They have enlarged the horizon of both cadets and midshipmen. They have taught them greater respect for one another. The testimony that these football games have promoted cordial relations between the two institutions is universal. But now, when great benefits were looked for from an annual meeting between the soldiers and the sailors, it is reported that the West Point authorities are discouraging the maintenance of the contest. The Naval Academy, it is understood, is not hampered in this way.

Why should old and experienced soldiers, who know the value of the training derived from actual contact between men of courage, determination, and skill, insist that the cadets of the army be kept apart from the rest of the world until they are sent out to command men whose varying natures they have never learned? It would seem from their attitude that it is the opinion of the West Point authorities that no animal but a horse shall have the privilege of breaking the bones of a cadet. The contrast between the military school and the civilian colleges in this respect is almost painful. In the latter the young men are encouraged to engage in physical struggles with their fellows of other colleges, to contest for the prize of physical superiority, and to develop those powers of the mind that are essential to excellence in such contests. In consequence, when the soldiers or sailors have met the civilians they have been badly beaten, not only because the colleges have greater numbers from which to select their teams, but because their men are better trained. Their muscles have been taught and strengthened for the purpose of overthrowing their opponents, and their minds have learned to work quickly, to seize upon sudden opportunities, to measure the purposes of the men on the other side of the rush line. In short, the young men of the American colleges are better generals than the young men of the American military schools.

This ought not to be, and it will not continue if the annual contest between West Point and Annapolis be maintained. If the match be abandoned, the military schools will relapse into the physical mediævalism of forty years ago.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PRUE AND I. By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. Illustrated from Drawings by ALBERT EDWARD STERNER. 8vo, Illuminated Silk, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $3 50. (*In a Box.*)

Edition de luxe (limited to 250 copies), Full Vellum, $15 00. (*In a Box.*) Ready shortly.

DAISY MILLER AND AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE. By HENRY JAMES. Illustrated from Drawings by HARRY W. MCVICKAR. 8vo, Illuminated Cover, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $3 50. (*In a Box.*)

Edition de Luxe (limited to 250 copies), Full Vellum, $15 00. (*In a Box.*) Ready shortly.

A TOUR AROUND NEW YORK, and My Summer Acre: Being the Recreations of Mr. Felix Oldboy. By JOHN FLAVEL MINES, LL.D. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $3 00.

THE PRAISE OF PARIS. By THEODORE CHILD, Author of "Art and Criticism," etc. Profusely Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $2 50.

ALONG NEW ENGLAND ROADS. By WILLIAM C. PRIME, LL.D., Author of "I Go a-Fishing," etc. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $1 00.

AN EARTHLY PARAGON. A Novel. By EVA WILDER MCGLASSON, Author of "Diana's Livery." Illustrated by F. V. DU MOND. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

RECORDS OF TENNYSON, RUSKIN, BROWNING. By ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $2 00.

THE BOY TRAVELLERS IN CENTRAL EUROPE. Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey through France, Switzerland, and Austria, with Excursions among the Alps of Switzerland and the Tyrol. By THOMAS W. KNOX. Profusely Illustrated. Square 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $3 00.

THE IVORY GATE. A Novel. By WALTER BESANT. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25. In Harper's Library Edition of Besant's Novels.

CHILDREN: Their Models and Critics. By AURETTA ROYS ALDRICH. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, 75 cents.

AMERICANISMS AND BRITICISMS, with Other Essays on Other Isms. By BRANDER MATTHEWS. With Portrait. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00. In the series "Harper's American Essayists," comprising: Howells's *Criticism and Fiction*; Warner's *As We Were Saying*; Curtis's *From the Easy Chair*; Higginson's *Concerning All of Us*; and Hutton's *From the Books of Laurence Hutton*.

ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES. By A. CONAN DOYLE, Author of "Micah Clarke," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

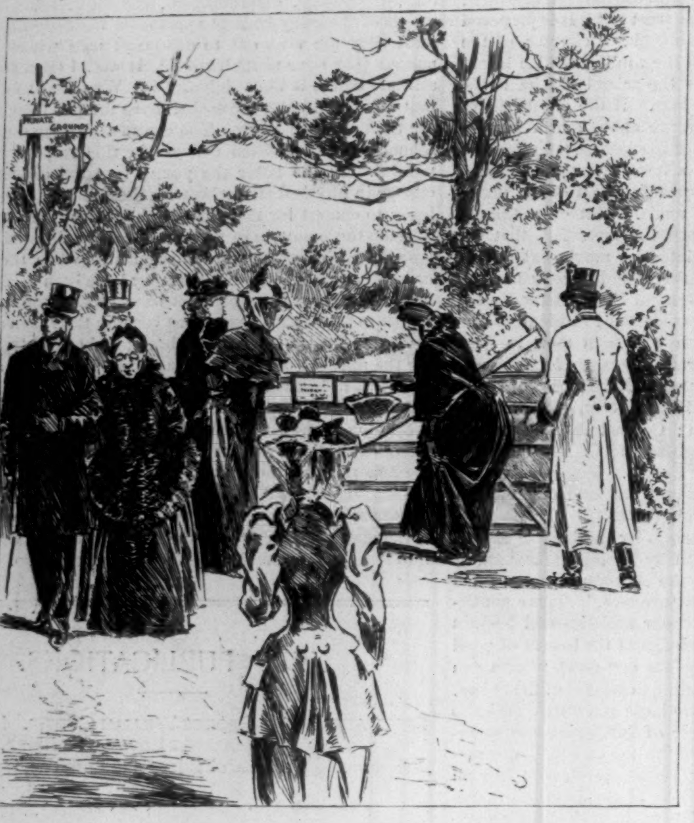
LONDON. By WALTER BESANT, Author of "Fifty Years Ago," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $3 00.

THE WEST FROM A CAR-WINDOW. By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, Author of "Van Bibber and Others," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

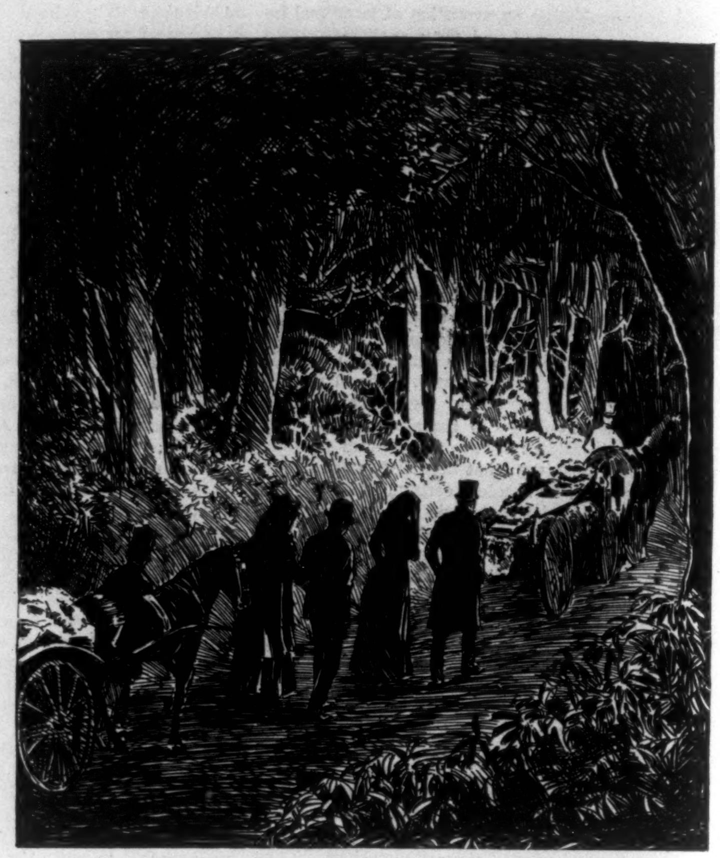
HARPER'S BLACK AND WHITE SERIES. Latest Issues. Illustrated. 32mo, Cloth, 50 cents each: *A Little Swiss Sojourn*, by W. D. Howells; *A Family Canoe Trip*, by Florence W. Snedeker; *A Letter of Introduction*, by W. D. Howells.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York

The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by the publishers, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of price. HARPER'S CATALOGUE *will be sent to any address on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps.*



NEIGHBORS LEAVING CARDS OF CONDOLENCE AT ALDWORTH HOUSE.



PROCESSION ON THE WAY TO THE STATION AT HASLEMERE.

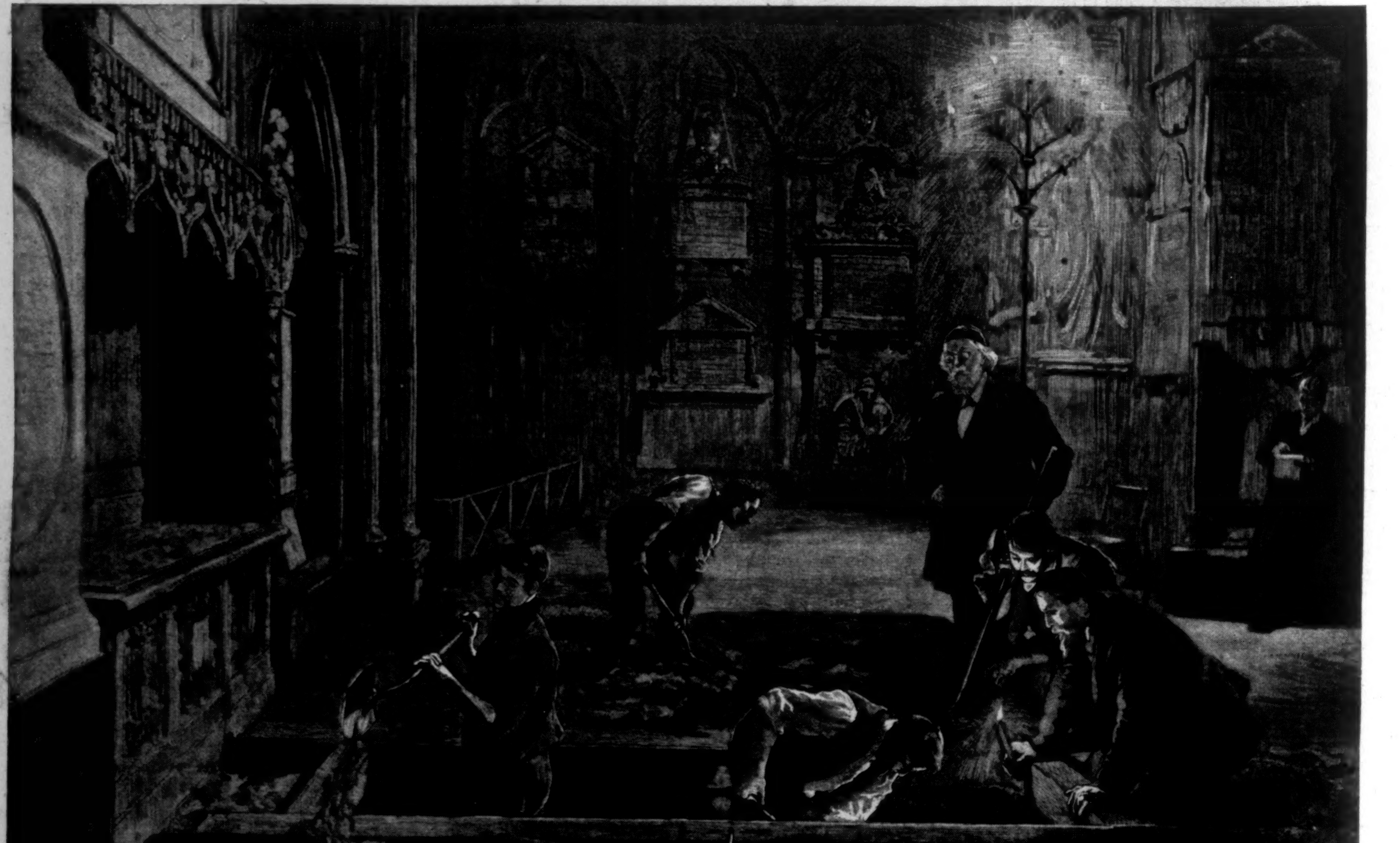
THE BURIAL OF LORD TENNYSON.

On Wednesday, October 12th, the remains of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, the dead Laureate of England, were laid to rest in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey. The great Abbey was crowded long before the hour set for the burial, and outside the doors waited a vast assemblage. The mourners within the cathedral included the flower of the English nation, saving the presence of the royal family, who were represented by members of their households. The absence of the Prince of Wales caused much comment, and when it was known that his Royal Highness went to the Newmarket races instead of attending the burial of England's poet, the radical press proclaimed the fact, and made all they could out of it. Mr. Gladstone was not present owing to pressure of work, but among the tributes was a wreath made by his wife, bearing the couplet:

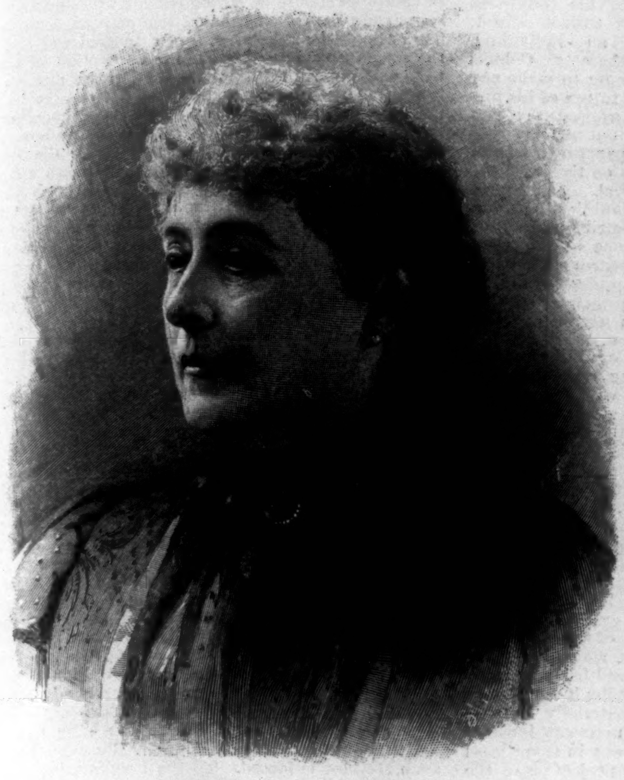
"And in the vast cathedral leave him.
God accept him. Christ receive him."

From the Queen came two laurel wreaths, with cards attached, upon which were written in her Majesty's own hand, "A mark of sad regret and affection from Victoria R. I.," and "A tribute of affectionate regard and true admiration from his Sovereign." The Jerusalem Chamber of the Abbey was filled with other floral tokens and wreaths.

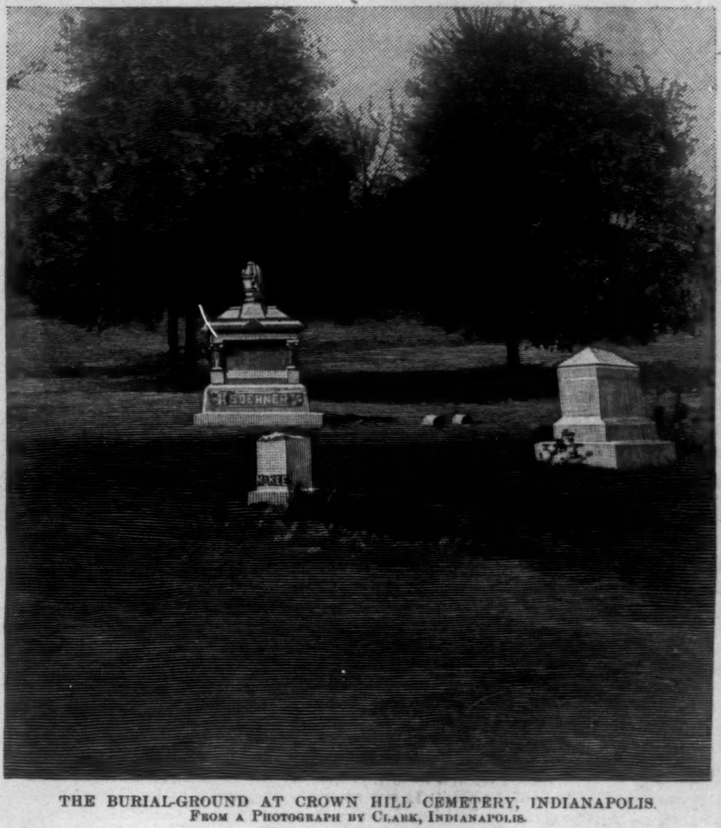
Half an hour after noon the organ rolled forth, and the funeral procession passed up the nave, a multitude of voices chanting the beautiful passages of the service for the burial of the dead. Over the coffin which contained the body of the poet the union-jack was thrown as a pall, and immediately behind followed the family, and then came a body of men prominent in all walks of life—the friends, companions, and admirers of the dead. As the coffin rested beneath the lectern, where nave, transepts, and choir join, a ray of sun fell upon a wreath which lay thereon. Canon Duckworth read the lesson, after which Tennyson's poem "Crossing the Bar" was chanted as an anthem. "The Silent Voices," the last work of the poet, was sung as a second anthem, the music having been composed by Lady Tennyson. The body was then carried to the grave, and while the mourners gathered about the coffin, which rested on a platform covered with a purple cloth, the rest of the service was sung by the choir. After this the Dean of Westminster committed the body of the poet to the earth, and between the graves of Browning and Dryden, close to the tomb of Chaucer, all that was mortal of Alfred Tennyson was laid to rest. As the choir sang the beautiful Trinity hymn the chief mourners moved away, and then a long procession of hundreds of people passed slowly by the grave, while the arches of the Abbey rang with the wonderful music of the Dead March from *Saul*.



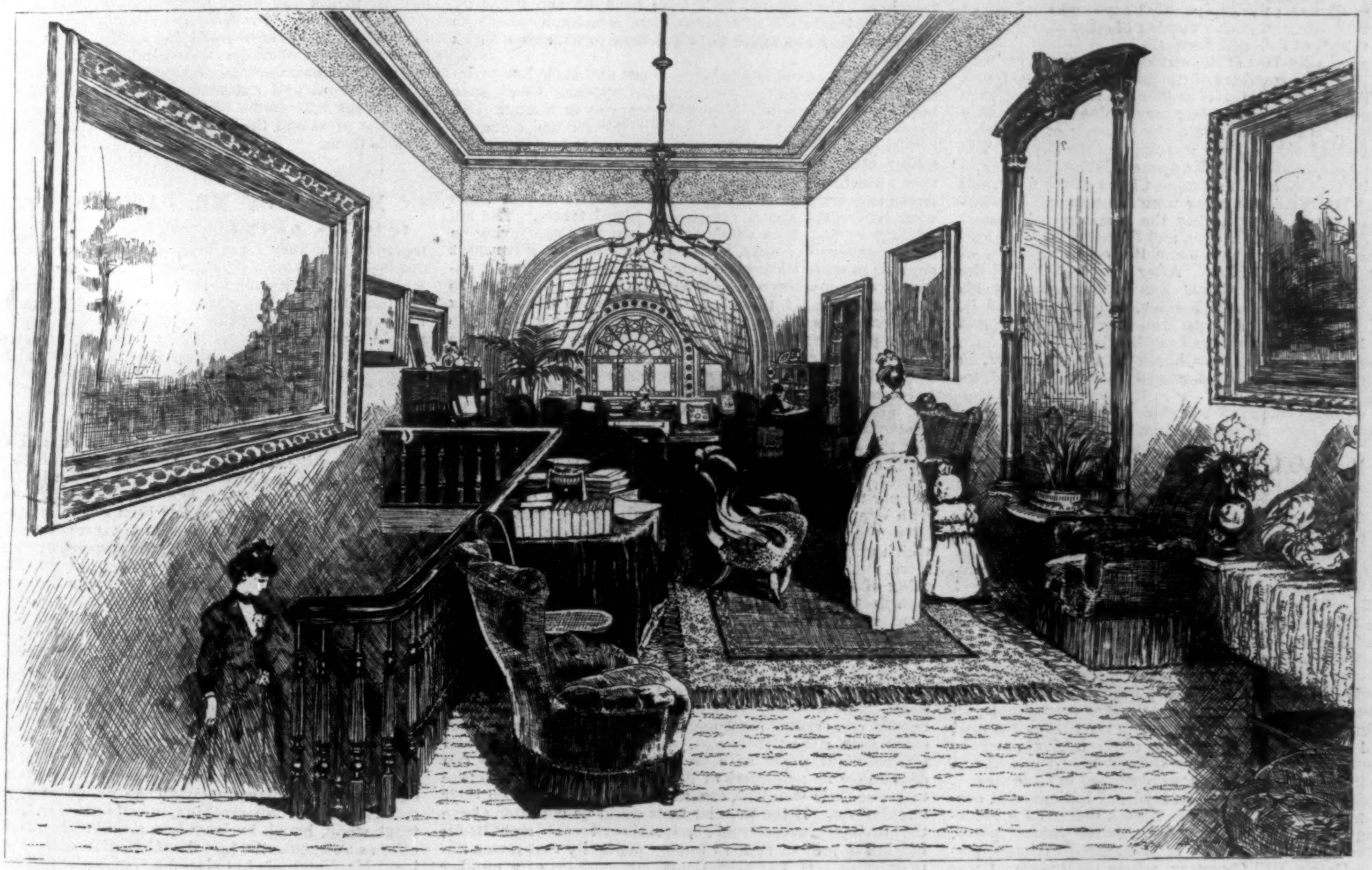
THE FUNERAL OF LORD TENNYSON—DIGGING THE GRAVE IN THE POETS' CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



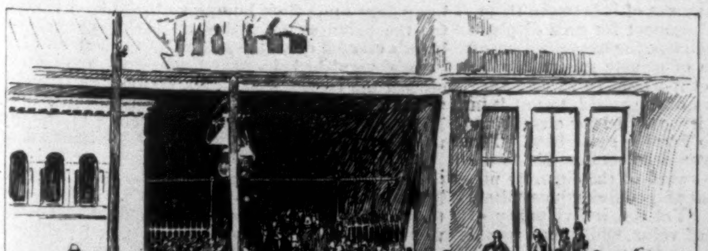
MRS. BENJAMIN HARRISON.



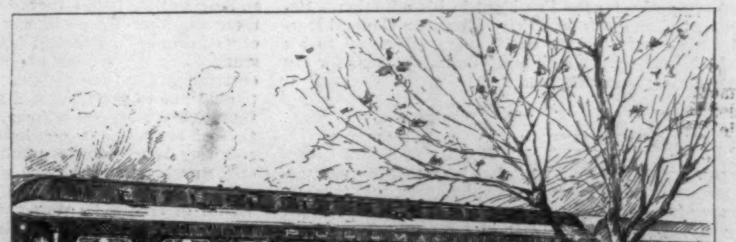
THE BURIAL-GROUND AT CROWN HILL CEMETERY, INDIANAPOLIS.
From a Photograph by Clark, Indianapolis.



MRS. HARRISON'S SITTING-ROOM AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

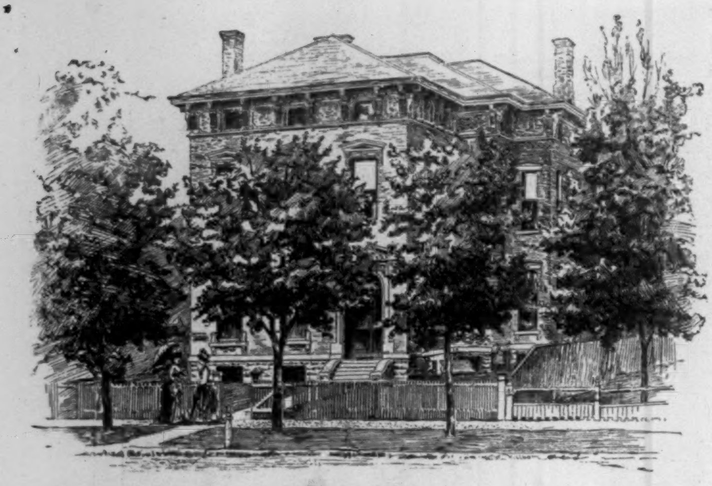


AT THE RAILROAD DEPOT, WASHINGTON.—From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.



THE FUNERAL CAR "ALROY."—From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.

THE FUNERAL OF MRS. HARRISON.—[See Page 1062.]



PRESIDENT HARRISON'S HOME, INDIANAPOLIS.

MRS. HARRISON'S FUNERAL.

On Thursday, October 27th, funeral services over the body of Mrs. Caroline Scott Harrison were held in the East Room of the White House. In accordance with the desires of the family, there was no display of any kind, and the ceremonies were of the simplest. Palms stood at either end of the bier upon which the casket was laid, their long branches nearly meeting. A large cross of white chrysanthemums, sent by the Republican State Committee of California, was placed near the head, and at the foot rested a crown of flowers from the Daughters of the Revolution of New York city. There were numerous other designs, among them a wreath prepared from the white roses and orchids of the White House conservatory, the flowers which Mrs. Harrison had loved. The British Chargé d'Affaires sent a wreath of white chrysanthemums from Queen Victoria; the Diplomatic Corps and the Cabinet gave each a wreath, and from a number of other sources came beautiful tokens of love and respect.

The persons attendant at the services were comparatively few, though all the members of the government were represented. The foreign ministers resident in Washington were present, and Mr. Reid and ex-Secretary Blaine and his family were noticed. In addition were the attachés of the President's household and the intimate friends of the family. The son of the Attorney-General, Mr. Samuel Miller, Lieutenant-Commander Cowles and Lieutenant Clover of the navy, and Lieutenant Dapray of the army were the ushers. The services began at ten o'clock, when the honorary pall-bearers entered. Vice-President Morton and Secretary of State Foster led, and following them came the other members of President Harrison's Cabinet. After they were seated the family arrived. The President was accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. McKee, and then Mr. and Mrs. Russell B. Harrison, followed by Dr. Scott, Mrs. Harrison's father, and the other immediate members of the family.

Dr. Hamlin, pastor of the Church of the Covenant, in Washington, which the President and his family attend, together with Dr. Bartlett, officiated. The services were conducted in a simple manner. The choir of St. John's Church, from an adjoining room, sang "Abide with me" and "Lead, kindly light," the latter having been an especial favorite of Mrs. Harrison's. After the services the honorary pall-bearers led the way to the portico of the White House, where they formed in double line, through which the casket was carried. The mourners afterwards entered their carriages, and the cortege proceeded to the Pennsylvania Railroad station, where a special train was in waiting. A large but quiet crowd was at the station, composed mainly of government employés, the departments having been closed meanwhile. There the family entered the train, accompanied by all the members of the Cabinet excepting Secretaries Tracy and Elkins. At 11.40 the train started for Indianapolis, where the interment took place on Friday. All along the route the funeral train was viewed by great numbers of people, who stood with uncovered heads as it passed by. The ceremonies at Indianapolis were also very simple, although impressive. From the depot to the church the road was lined on either side by veterans of the G. A. R., and the First Presbyterian Church, where the services were held, and many buildings along the way, were draped in mourning.

Dr. Haines and the Rev. N. A. Hyde, of Indianapolis, conducted at the church, where Dr. Haines delivered a touching eulogy upon the dead. After this the funeral party, augmented by a large number of Indianapolis friends, proceeded to Crown Hill Cemetery, where the interment was made. Business was generally suspended in Indianapolis during the funeral, and many were the exhibitions of respect and sympathy for the President in his affliction. Before leaving Indianapolis on Friday afternoon General Harrison dictated a card for the newspapers, addressed to his "Dear old Friends and Neighbors," thanking them for the evidences of their sympathy and love.

AN INDICTMENT AND A REMEDY.

Colonel John A. Cockerill has been making newspapers so long, and has done it so conspicuously, and in many instances with so much apparent success, that it is highly edifying to find him setting forth in a contemporary magazine the reasons why, in his opinion, the making of successful newspapers in this country at this time must almost of necessity be a low business, nauseating to men who do the work, and detrimental to the public. Colonel Cockerill is perfectly conversant with all the horrors of his subject, and talks about them with the utmost candor, from the shocking lack of decency which, he thinks, *must* attend news-gathering, to the "venal indifference of owners and editors to all that is held most dear in the world by honorable men and women." He tells how a bad business is made worse when the owner lives abroad, and measures the success of his journal solely by the size of the remittance made to his banker on the first of every month. To be sure, he says, it is all the public's fault, because it persistently prefers offal to clean food, and so makes the purveyance of offal the more profitable; but even that concession will hardly suffice to make his strictures palatable to his coworkers of the press.

Beyond recording his conviction that a newspaper cannot afford, any more than an individual, to be without a character, Colonel Cockerill says nothing to make any one hopeful of the future of his profession. When he suggests that posterity will measure out merciless justice to some newspaper-owners now living, he trenches on theology, and ceases to be practical. He does not suggest, and will doubtless be grateful to have it pointed out to him, that the fairest hope of reforming the contemporary metropolitan newspaper lies in the application to it of the co-operative principle, so popular just now in countless other branches of business.

Of course there would be difficulties about bringing such an enterprise to pass. It will be promptly objected that such animosity obtains between most of the esteemed contemporaries of this town that they could not be induced to work together for any sort of good, even to make more money. Furthermore, it will be objected that if co-operation could be induced, the amalgamated newspapers would lose their individuality, and would grow so much alike that rivals would promptly spring up and filch away their business.

To the first of these objections it may be replied that a limited degree of co-operation has already existed for a good many years among some of the strongest of the New York daily newspapers in the Associated Press, which has flourished in spite of the political differences and business rivalries of its members. It is proverbially difficult for two of a trade to agree, but the difficulty is materially lessened when the adversity of one ceases to be a necessary incident of the prosperity of the other. It came out in some legal proceedings that followed the successful projection of the cigarette-makers' trust that long rivalry had so incensed the heads of the various concerns against one another that it was considered hazardous to life and limb to bring them together. Yet together they were brought, and presently were enabled to see how much more sensible it was to lie down together and share the lamb than to wrangle over its carcass.

Nor would co-operation bring about any such loss of individuality as might at first thought appear. Cases have been known where half a dozen breweries in a single city have been bought up by the same syndicate and managed by the same organization. Yet they went on making and selling six kinds of beer as before. So when the tobacco men united, the variety of cigarettes knew no diminution. And there are just as many brands of starch now as there were before the starch companies joined forces. The advantage of judicious co-operation, besides some saving in administrative expenses, is that the amalgamating concerns are able to spare themselves some lamentable and costly extremes of competition which without it they felt obliged to undertake to hold their trade. Thus, when there are six rival breweries in one town fighting one another for a grip on the popular throat, six rival saloons, each representing a different brewery, will not be an unusual sight in a single likely block. But join the six breweries under one management, and three or four of the six saloons can be closed, and all six kinds of beer can be sold in the others. So the popular thirst will be assuaged at less expense for rent, and the brewers, being able to make more money on a smaller sale of beer, need not struggle to stir up fictitious thirst by their appeals to the popular imagination. In like manner the cigarette-makers, when they strove desperately with one another for the patronage of the gutter-urchins, filled the earth with advertisement cards and pictures, which under stress of competitive enterprise grew more and more vulgar and objectionable, until they got to be something of a source of public demoralization. But when the manufacturers began to pool their profits, the advertisement pictures disappeared, the gutter-urchins' depravity ceased to be urged out of its natural course, and the gain to public morals was considerable.

And so with newspapers. It is complained that if any one considerable journal sets out to gain readers by filling its columns with unsavory and sensational news stories, its natural competitors must meet it by analogous methods, or see it grow rich at their cost. Thus a single powerful and unscrupulous paper with an efficient news apparatus can demoralize its neighbors of its own class, or, if they refuse to lower their standard, can make serious inroads on their circulations. If the popular taste could be educated above the craving for sensational gossip, this evil would right itself; but in the present state of human depravity that seems impracticable. If, however, the counting-rooms of a number of journals could be so co-operated that it would make no difference which individual caught the bulk of the trade, so long as they held a lucrative amount of it between them, there would no longer be any inducement for such displays of "enterprise" as "faked" despatches, the exaggeration of scandals, or the wanton exposure of private misery for the entertainment of the public. Yet it would be as necessary to continue to print the real news of the world, to put it in thoroughly marketable form, as it would be for a combination of breweries to continue to furnish good beer. The resulting benefit to the public would be comparable to the street urchins' gain by the withdrawal of the cigarette pictures, while the relief to intelligent and conscientious editors would of course be very great. Yet the individuality of the papers would lose nothing of value, while they would gain, if anything, in independence. Some expenses of administration and some costs of competition would be saved, which would enable them to stand some shrinkage of their gross circulation without affecting their dividends. Thus the services of all the affidavit jurors could be spared at once, and all the valuable space hitherto devoted by any journal to daily disparagement of the character or business methods of any neighbor could be filled up instead with the profitable favors of the advertiser.

Due precaution would have to be taken against the centralization of power, since, if the independent life of the individual co-operators once became weakened, the result would be a newspaper trust so powerful as to threaten to become a greater evil than that it was organized to extinguish. The co-operation, as a rule, should go no farther than to effect a pooling of the profits, and their division *pro rata* according to prearranged agreement. Yet the federative bond of the co-operators should be strong enough to enable them to deal adequately with demoralizing competition from outsiders. They should be able, when a new journal was started with the purpose of fattening on the corruption of the public taste and morals, to designate one of their number to meet it on its own ground and kill it, not exactly by its own methods, but by the lavish employment of less objectionable attractions appealing to the same class of readers. Thus, if a one-cent upstart threatened to monopolize the shop-girl or messenger-boy trade by blood-curdling news romances of crime and tales of domestic infelicities in high life, the co-operator chosen to meet the invasion could cut its price down to the necessary figure, and start a series of guessing contests and prize competitions that would drive the new-comer out of the field. Or if such allurements proved inadequate, it could afford, with the backing of its partners, to give away with every copy of itself a bag of marbles, a handful of chestnuts, a chromo, a stick of candy, or a piece of pie, according to the season, thus meeting appeals to the more depraved tastes of the young by counter-solicitation of their less objectionable requirements. For protection from competition too degraded to be met by such methods the co-operators might surely rely on the good offices of the district attorney.

And for the matter of that, if Colonel Cockerill's indictment of the newspapers as they are is reasonably well founded, the district attorney might well bestir himself as it is. Wherever newspaper owners or editors have really grown indifferent to that reasonable privacy which is among the things "held most dear by honorable men and women," the heavy hand of the law should jog their elbows in a way not to be ignored. It is hardly the province of the law to determine whether the story of a crime shall be told in ten lines or a thousand, but it may well be its province to see that the due privacy of private life is not needlessly sacrificed to the public greed for gossip. If the statutes as they stand are not adequate for that, there should be statutes that are; and it would be one of the great advantages to the public of such a combination as is above (not quite seriously) imagined, that it would furnish a strong organization which would be vitally and financially interested in seeing such statutes enforced. To the inauguration of all works of great public importance we are used to ask the aid of the great newspapers. If there is a great work of newspaper reformation that cries out to be done, it comes perfectly natural to ask the great newspapers to start it. It is a peculiarly fit task for Editor Cockerill, knowing what he knows, and believing what he has written, to secure at least such a measure of co-operation among owners, editors, and employés of metropolitan newspapers as might bring about the enactment and enforcement of statutes which should restrain the indecencies of which he complains, and protect both the press and the public from the demoralization that attends them.

IN BEHALF OF MR. BARNES NEWCOME.

In his own day Christopher Columbus must have been regarded as a very great bore. From his earliest years he displayed a quantity of superior knowledge of geography which was troublesome in the extreme. He was plainly cut out for a reformer and a pioneer, and everybody knows how unpleasant such persons are when they begin to try to teach an old world new tricks. After they have achieved their fame they usually possess the dignity of being dead, and are honored accordingly, because their achievements become part of the general stock of knowledge, and the irritating personality of the instructor is forgotten.

But at stated intervals the name and fame of such persons as Columbus, Luther, Shakespeare, Galileo, and General George Washington recur to plague the life of Mr. Barnes Newcome, who is a numerous and important inhabitant of New York. During the late celebration of Columbus's achievement Mr. Newcome has been put to great personal inconvenience. More than a million visitors were attracted to this city upon a single day by the spectacles presented by a well-meaning but fatuous municipal government. This sudden addition to the number of people to be housed, fed, and carried about the city seriously disarranged the regular habits of Mr. Newcome, and his wrath at the invasion was increased by the cheerful disregard by the invaders of his personal rights, as he understands them. Mr. Newcome has felt himself outraged and set at naught. He is always afoot in good time in the morning, and, as he says, is full of business. He has engagements of gravity with Mr. Veneering at the Stock Exchange and with Mr. Dombey in Beaver Street. Moreover, he is taking an interest in politics this year, and the election is close at hand. In total disregard of all these things come a million persons from out-of-town and overflow the streets, crowd the public conveyances to suffocation and rib-cracking, roost upon Mr. Newcome's front stoop, knock business into a cocked hat, and gravely offer as an excuse the fact that Columbus discovered America. Mr. Newcome has also observed, with towering discontent, that a large number of persons who live in New York appear to have been stricken with the same madness. They hung flags upon their houses, and paid large sums of money for the privilege of sitting on backless benches of rough boards erected upon the sidewalks to the peril of Mr. Newcome's varnished boots. Such seats were even erected against the sacred wall of Mr. Newcome's own club. And this reign of foolishness lasted for a week. Mr. Barnes Newcome thinks that things have come to a pretty pass in the commercial centre of America.

What makes it harder for Mr. Newcome to be reconciled to this astonishing experience is the fact that never before has he been required to endure it. About three years ago there was a similar outbreak of sentimental madness, but that affair took place in the spring, and did not interfere with the fall trade. Moreover, this attack has been more protracted, more unsettling, and more disastrous generally to Mr. Newcome's prejudices than was the "Washington business," as he calls it; and his mind is perturbed as he reflects upon the growth in popular favor of such carnivals. Mr. Newcome noticed with displeasure that the streets were full of Italians, Frenchmen, Germans, and other immigrants, arrayed in outlandish uniforms, which he believes they were used to wearing in their own countries. He thinks it looks as if New York were going the way of the cities of Continental Europe, and tells his friends that legal holidays are going to knock the devil out of this country.

Mr. Barnes Newcome's views on the subject of the Columbian celebration do not often gain currency in print, but most of us have heard him utter them. He is fond of talking, and he has an undoubted right to his own opinion.

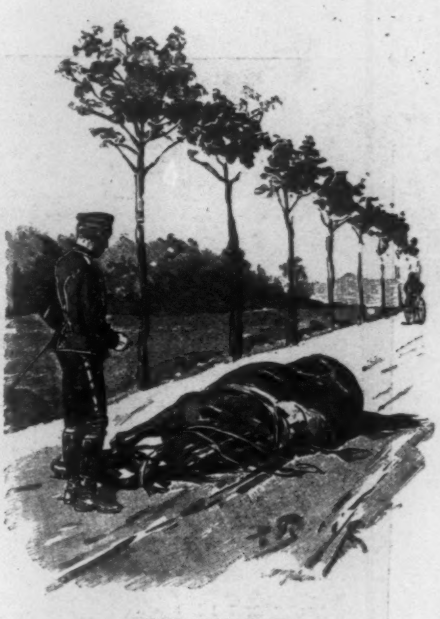
W. S. Moody, Jun.

THE LONG-DISTANCE RIDE IN GERMANY.

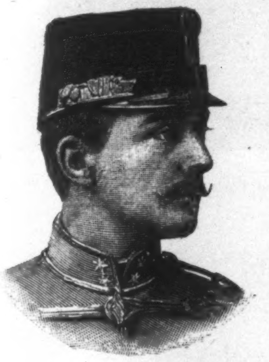
If any useful or military purpose had been served by the long-distance race between officers of the German and Austrian armies from Berlin to Vienna and Vienna to Berlin, the cruel brutality of the contest might be overlooked. When the race was finished, over the course of about 400 miles, nineteen horses had expired on the road, and quite as many more died after finishing, while there were very few of the horses that were not permanently injured. Such a race in America would probably have been stopped by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The race was under the patronage of the two Emperors, and each gave prizes to the winners. The German Kaiser gave to the Austrian winner a silver bust of himself, and the Austrian Emperor gave to the first German officer a silver statuette of a German hussar on horseback and in full uniform.

Out of the first twenty-eight, sixteen were Austrians and twelve were Germans. Count Starhemberg, of the Austrian army, won the first prize of $5000 and the Kaiser's silver bust of himself. Count Starhemberg rode from Vienna to Berlin in 71 hours and 20 minutes; that is, he kept up a rate of about five miles and six-tenths an hour for three days. This was much better travelling than any of the professional pedestrians has ever done. Count Starhemberg's dark bay gelding, Athos, died in Berlin soon after his arrival, after intense pain and suffering. The second prize of $2500 and the silver statue from Emperor Franz Joseph was won by Baron von Reitzenstein, a lieutenant in the German army. Lieutenant von Miklös, who covered the distance in 73 hours and 25 minutes, gained the third prize of $1500. The other prizes, 37 in number, were graduated down to $125. Beyond these, there were two prizes of $750 each for the two horses arriving in the best condition. Nine Austrians did the journey under eighty hours to two Germans, twenty-seven Austrians under ninety hours to thirteen Germans, and forty-six Austrians under one hundred hours to twenty-six Germans. The honors, therefore, were decidedly with the Austrians. Prince Frederick Leopold, who started in the first flight from Berlin, was the first German officer to arrive in Vienna. The statuette given by the Austrian Emperor was designed by Herr Rathhousky, and was modelled from Colonel Count Auersperg and his charger. It is of solid silver, the base being of ebony, with a view on one side of St. Stephen's Church in Vienna, and on the other the Brandenberger Thor in Berlin. These are surmounted by silver horseshoes. In the front is a silver plate bearing the arms of the house of Hapsburg and an inscription setting forth the names of the giver and the winner of the prize.

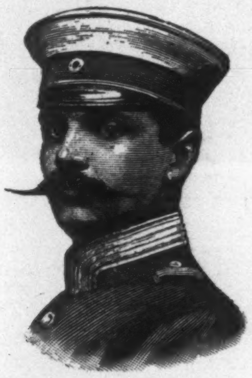
Sportsmen in Europe and America have joined in disapproval of the race, and have expressed decided opinions on the utter worthlessness of the contest, because it proves nothing whatever as to the lasting qualities of men or horses. It is a well-known fact that a horse of good breeding and spirit will go till he drops dead. To urge horses to do this is considered to be a useless and unprofitable brutality. It is not possible nowadays that cavalry would ever be required to go four hundred miles on a forced march, for railways are available in all parts of the civilized world, and any messenger required to make speed for a great distance would certainly be able to secure fresh mounts on the way. The capabilities of men and horses to go long distances were thoroughly tested in less gentle and humane times than these, and there are records available to all curious enough to care to know about them. Had this contest been between bicycle-riders, who, with human intelligence, would have stopped when they had enough, something of value might have been found out and no harm done.



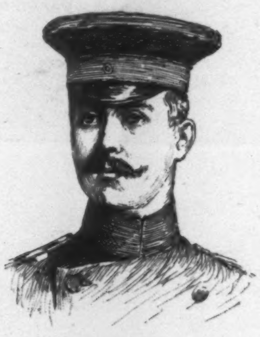
SLIM PROSPECTS.



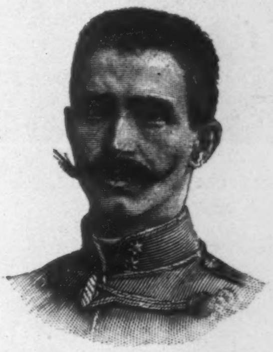
FIRST LIEUT. GRAF STARHEMBERG
(7th Austro-Hungarian Hussars), Winner of the First Prize.



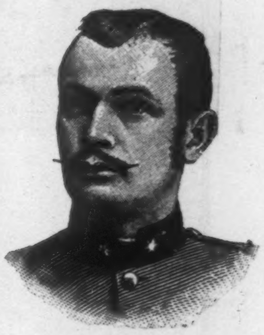
FIRST LIEUT. VON REITZENSTEIN
(4th Prussian Cuirassiers), Winner of the Second Prize.



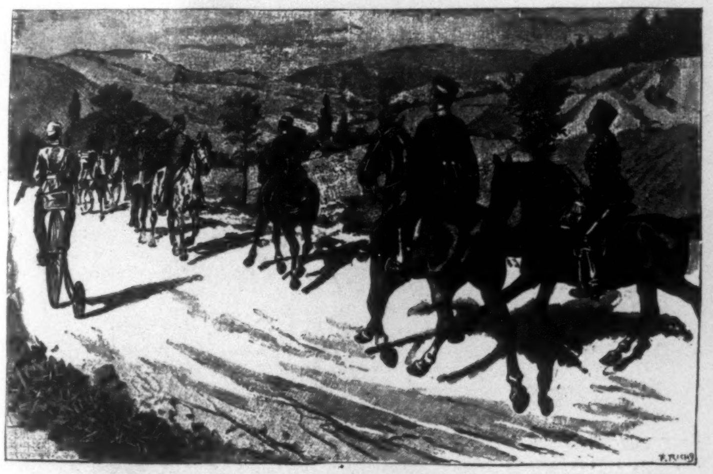
PRINCE FREDERICK LEOPOLD,
The first Prussian officer to arrive in Vienna.



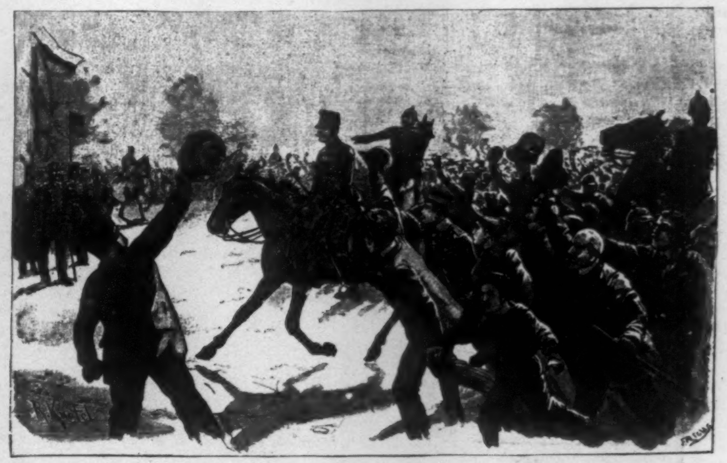
FIRST LIEUT. VON MIKLÖS
(16th Austro-Hungarian Hussars), Winner of the Third Prize.



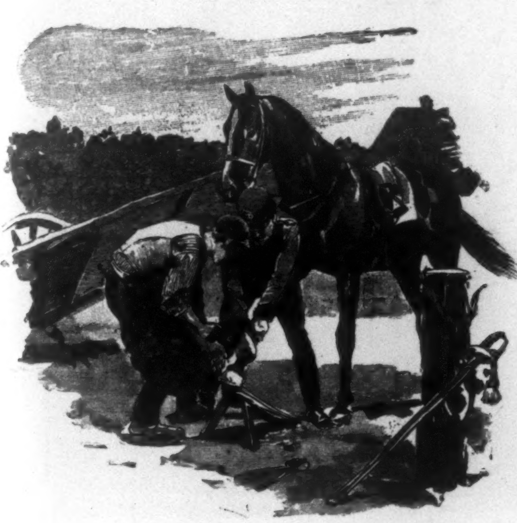
SECOND LIEUT. HÖFER
(11th Austro-Hungarian Dragoons), Winner of the Fourth Prize.



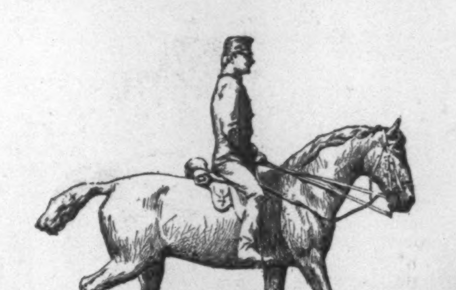
AUSTRIAN AND GERMAN OFFICERS MEETING AND SALUTING EACH OTHER ON THE WAY.



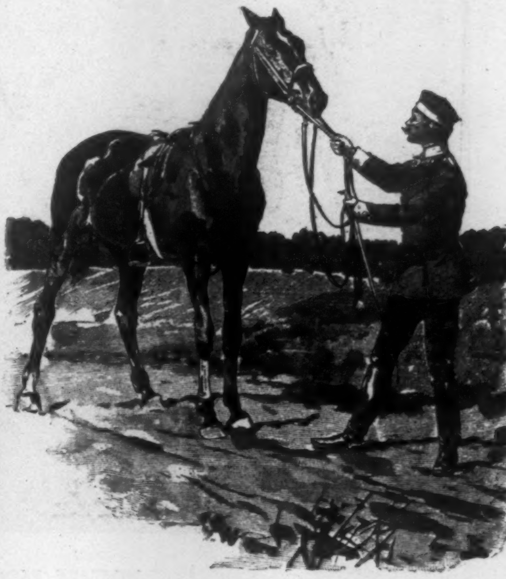
LIEUTENANT VON MIKLÖS, THE FIRST AUSTRIAN ARRIVING IN BERLIN.



A LOST SHOE.

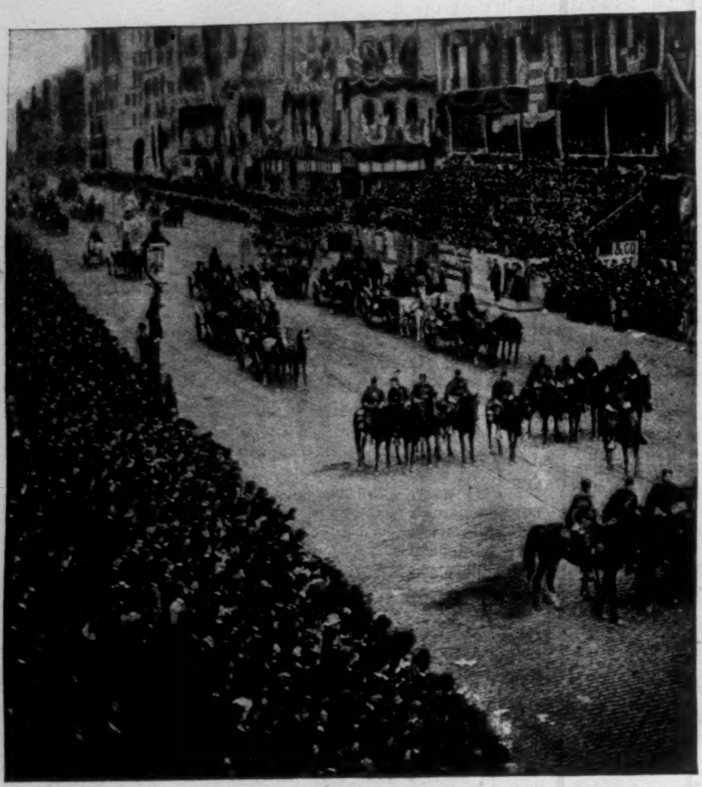


THE SILVER STATUETTE PRESENTED BY THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA TO THE WINNER OF THE LONG-DISTANCE RIDE.

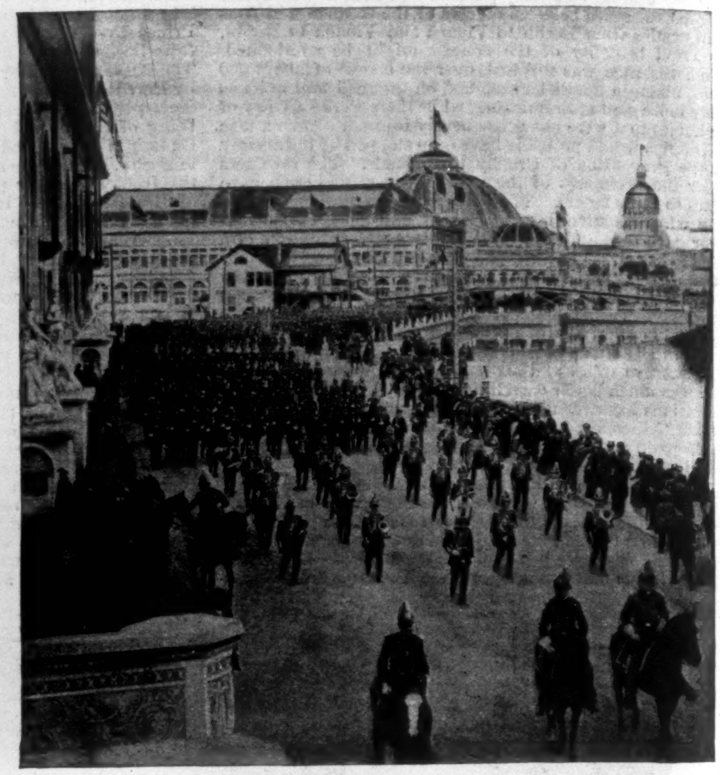


A LITTLE COAXING.

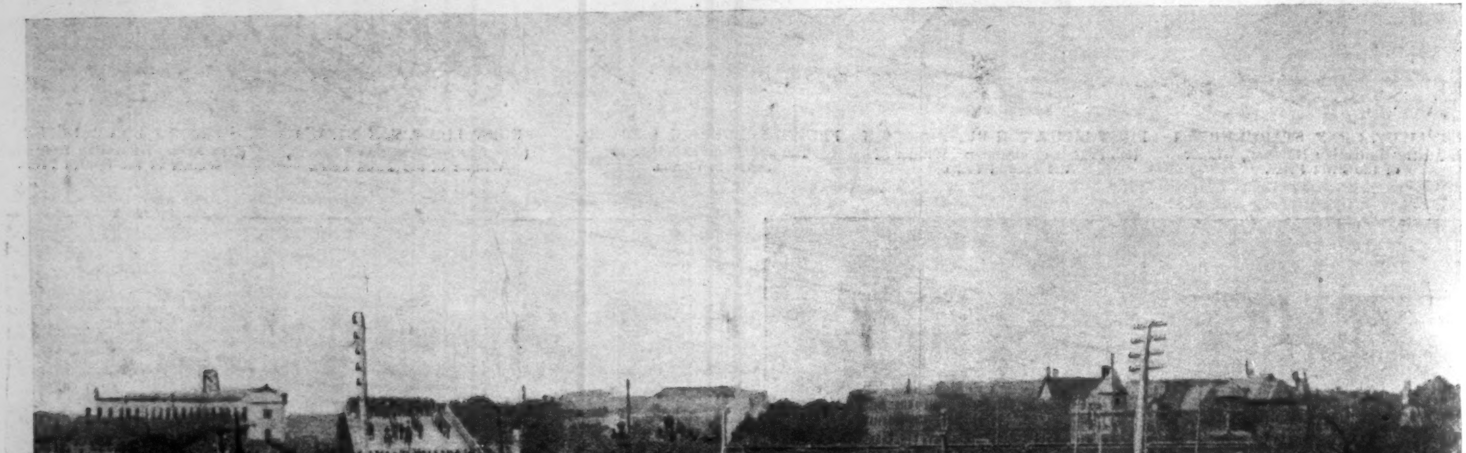
THE AUSTRO-GERMAN MILITARY RIDE BETWEEN BERLIN AND VIENNA.



CIVIC PARADE—GOVERNORS' CARRIAGES.

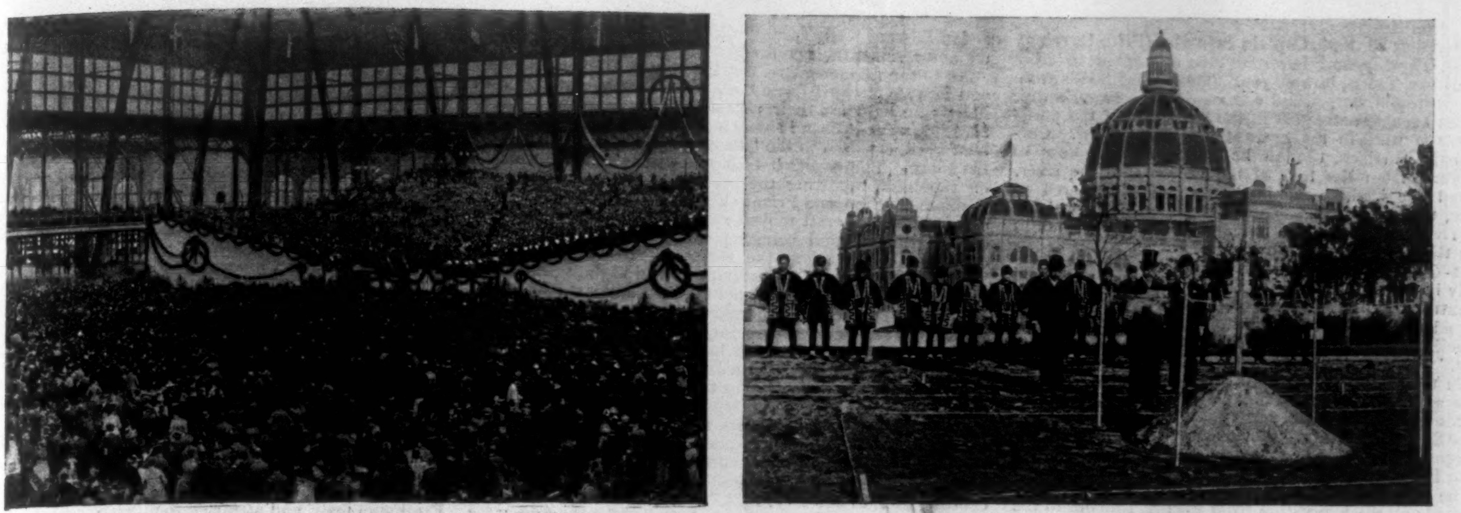


MILITARY PARADE PASSING THE TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.



MILITARY PARADE CROSSING THE VIADUCT OVER ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD TRACKS.

THE COLUMBIAN CELEBRATION, CHICAGO.—From Photographs by C. D. Arnold.



CHOIR STAND, MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.

JAPANESE DEDICATING SITE FOR THEIR BUILDING.

COLUMBIAN CELEBRATION, CHICAGO.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. D. ARNOLD.

ARMY ROLL OF HONOR.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

CALL it, if you please, a Round-Table of Honor, where there is neither head nor foot. Seated, then, close together around the board are some who wear epaulets, others chevrons on their sleeves. Some may serve cannon, shoulder muskets, carry sabres, blow trumpets, or beat drums; but they are men equal in gallantry, and distinguished by personal mention of the War Department of the United States. It is for "specially mentioned acts or conduct in service" that General Orders No. 33 are issued. When the name of an officer or private is found there, you are assured that it stands for a man who has shown pluck, grit, devotion, who has been willing to risk his life in order to save another's, or as a gallant soldier has met his death fighting in the ranks.

Adopting the form laid down by the Adjutant-General, mention of those officers and men found on the roll of honor follows the dates and the occasions when meritorious actions were performed. HARPER'S WEEKLY believes that by giving not alone the facts, but presenting the portraits of those who are distinguished, the memory of these soldiers will be better preserved, for among them are some who died in the performance of heroic deeds.

Lieutenant C. V. Donaldson, of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, nobly gave up his life to save that of others. Two ladies were bathing at Santa Anna, California, and were swept out to sea. Lieutenant Donaldson swam out to save them. One he rescued, and leaving her in safety, returned to succor the other lady; but exhaustion overpowered him, and both were lost. This sad incident occurred July 15, 1890.

Harry Kendrick.

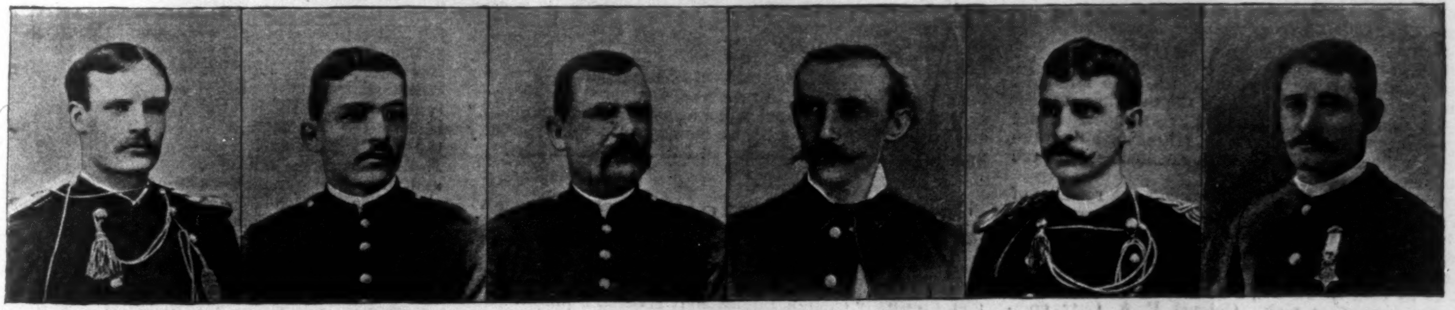
First Lieut. William N. Blow, Jr., 15th U. S. Infantry.

Captain George D. Wallace, 7th U. S. Cavalry.

Charles Vanburen, late of 15th U. S. Infantry.

Lieutenant C. V. Donaldson, 24th U. S. Infantry.

Private James Marklin, 6th U. S. Infantry.



First Lieut. Hugh L. Scott, 7th U. S. Cavalry.

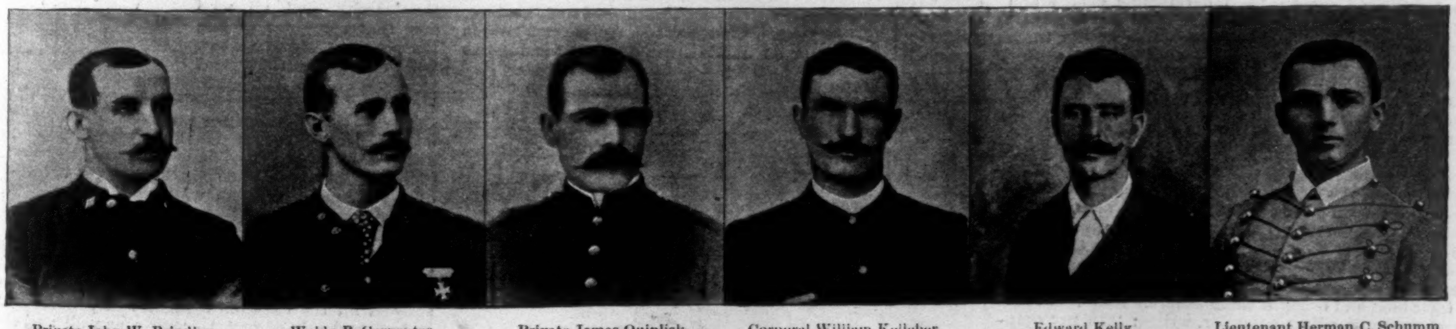
Corporal James Ryan, 2d U. S. Artillery.

Sergeant William Jones, 2d U. S. Artillery.

First Lieut. Thos. F. Davis, 15th U. S. Infantry.

First Lieut. Hugh J. Gallagher, 6th U. S. Cavalry.

Private John Clancy, 1st U. S. Artillery.



Private John W. Brindley, 15th U. S. Infantry.

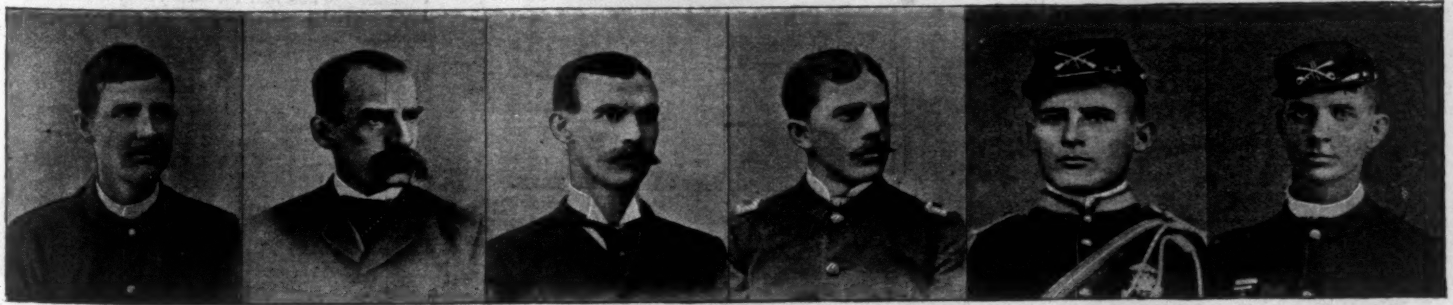
Waldo B. Carpenter, 2d U. S. Artillery.

Private James Quinlisk, 2d U. S. Artillery.

Corporal William Kelleher, 5th U. S. Infantry.

Edward Kelly, 15th U. S. Infantry.

Lieutenant Herman C. Schumm (when a West Point Cadet, 1887), 2d U. S. Artillery.



Private Allen Walker, 3d U. S. Cavalry.

Captain John G. Bourke, 3d U. S. Cavalry.

Private Michael Kynan, 15th U. S. Infantry.

Captain Francis H. Hardie, 3d U. S. Cavalry.

William A. Mounck, 2d U. S. Artillery.

Sergeant Custis Harrison, 5th U. S. Cavalry.

OFFICERS AND ENLISTED MEN OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY WHOSE NAMES APPEAR ON THIS YEAR'S ROLL OF HONOR.

On November 23, 1890, Captain Schuyler (Fifth Cavalry), Mrs. E. D. Thomas, and her daughter attempted to cross the Red River, Texas, in a wagon. The spring floods were raging, and wagon, horses, and occupants were swept away. The horses became entangled in the harness, and the party in the wagon were in the greatest personal danger. Corporal Custis Harrison, though he did not know how to swim, sprang from the foot of the wagon into the river, disengaged the leaders, mounted one, and floundered to the shore, to get a skiff. Then Corporal Custis plunged into the river once more, and rendered most valuable aid in rescuing the people. Captain E. D. Thomas wrote to the Adjutant-General: "Corporal Harrison's heroic conduct, especially in rushing back to the danger from which he had hardly extricated himself, deserves the fullest recognition. ....His admirable coolness, vigor, and resolution arrested an impending catastrophe in which several lives would have been lost."

Captain Wallace, who was born in Yorkville, South Carolina, was appointed a cadet September 1, 1868, graduated high in his class in 1872, and was appointed Second Lieutenant of the Seventh Cavalry. Stationed in Dakota Territory, he distinguished himself in an action near the mouth of the Big Horn River with hostile Sioux Indians in August, 1872. In 1874 he was selected by General Custer to command the Indian scouts on the expedition from Fort A. Lincoln to the Black Hill region. In 1876, under General Terry, in the engagement with the Sioux, he was conspicuous for gallant conduct. In June, 1876, he was appointed regimental Adjutant. In 1887 he was engaged in the Nez Percé campaign, and in the fight with Chief Joseph at Cañon Creek was again commended for gallantry. In 1885 he became Captain. This brave man met his death in the battle of December 20, 1890, on Wounded Knee Creek. As commander of Troop K, when the fight began, he with his troop was engaged in disarming the Indians. The suddenness of the attack of the Indians may be remembered. After the battle, to repeat Colonel Forsyth's words, "Captain Wallace was found dead in the identical spot on which he stood when the battle began, still tightly grasping in his upraised right hand his revolver, every chamber of which had been emptied in his brave and resolute stand against overwhelming odds. He had been shot four times—twice in the head, once through the pit of the stomach, and once through the leg; but dead Indians lay thick in front of him within a few feet of his body. Captain Wallace apparently preferred to make his stand and die in his tracks—for it was almost certain death to face so many—rather than have an appearance of running away."

Musician Clancy, of Light Battery E, First Artillery, was also one of the many who distinguished themselves at the affair of Wounded Knee Creek in December, 1890. In a Sibley tent was a hostile Indian, and from this point of vantage he had killed two men and wounded a third. This wounded man was lying in a helpless condition, when Major Whitside instructed Second Lieutenant Hawthorne to bring off the wounded man. At once Musician Clancy offered his services, and the wounded man was carried to the hospital. No sooner was Clancy back, than he volunteered to bring in the wounded from the foot of the hill on which the battery stood. This was a most dangerous spot, open to the fire of the Indians in the ravine. For exceptional gallantry in risking his life to save the wounded, Musician Clancy's name is found on the roll of honor.

In January, 1891, news was received at Fort Sill that at Anadarko, Oklahoma, there was likely to be trouble with the Indians. Indian children at the schools had run away, had been frozen to death, and their parents and relatives had threatened to destroy the schools. First Lieutenant H. L. Scott, accompanied by Mr. Horace Jones, rode all night through a sleet storm, and arrived in the morning at Anadarko just in time. It was Lieutenant Scott's coolness and good judgment which prevented what might have been the cause of much bloodshed, and for this excellent service the officer receives honorable mention.

There were a number of Indian prisoners, the remains of Big-Foot's band, to be conducted from Pine Ridge to Fort Bennett in the months of January and February, 1891, and the prisoners were under charge of Lieutenant Hugh J. Gallagher. Travelling over a section of rough country where it is as cold as Siberia, escorting a sullen band of prisoners is no pleasant task. Colonel E. A. Carr, commanding Sixth Cavalry, writes to the Adjutant-General: "Lieutenant Gallagher for his good management, care, and devotion, Sergeant Short for his indefatigable energy and common-sense, and all for their extreme labor and exposure in shovelling roads, seeking wood and water, taking turns during the blizzard in keeping their horses moving to prevent freezing (when an Indian pony froze to death), and their kindness to the Indian children and women, lending them their blankets, assisting them in and out of their wagons, etc., while men of their own race looked on," for humanity, then, to prisoners, Lieutenant H. J. Gallagher and Sergeant Short find their names on the roll of honor.

On June 16th of last year a cat-boat containing two young men was capsized off Fort Schuyler, and the men were in great danger of drowning. Lieutenant H. C. Schumm, Second Artillery, at once took a volunteer crew from the guard and went to the assistance of the men, and notwithstanding the rough water and high wind took them from the bottom of their boat and brought them ashore. Major Throckmorton, commanding Fort Schuyler, writes: "In my opinion the prompt action of Lieutenant Schumm and crew saved the lives of the two young men." In General Orders No. 33 appear, then, the names of Lieutenant Schumm; Sergeant William Jones, Battery K, Second Artillery; Sergeant Harry Kendrick, Battery M; Corporal Waldo B. Carpenter, Battery K; and Privates William A. Mouck, James Ryan, and James Quinlisk—all of the Second Artillery.

Off the shore of Lake Michigan, in a heavy blow, First Lieutenant Thomas F. Davis, of the Fifteenth Infantry, saw a boat capsized, which was supposed to contain Captain Hedberg and two or three men. At once the rescue was attempted, and Lieutenant Davis, with Privates John W. Brindley and Charles Vanburen, assisted by a Mr. Bertsummers, launched a boat. It was driven back on the shore. A second attempt was made by the two privates. Lieutenant Davis busied himself on shore arranging for further assistance and procuring a heavier boat. The two brave privates reached the boat, and Captain Hedberg and a boy were saved, but one of the occupants of the boat was drowned. For energetic and effective efforts Lieutenant Davis's name appears on the roll of honor, together with those gallant soldiers Brindley and Vanburen.

Private James Marklin risked his life for an insane woman, and rescued her from drowning in August last.

Peter Nelson, of the Fifth Infantry, took to the water at St. Augustine, Florida, during a strong tide, and was being swept out to sea, when Corporal William Kelleher and Musician Edward Kelly sprang into the water with their clothes on, and rescued their comrade from drowning.

As to the gallantry of First Lieutenant William N. Blow and Private Michael Kynan, the report made by Captain C. McKibbin explains their action. "On Saturday, January 10, 1891, a small boat in which was Mr. Hawkins, of Highland Park, capsized in the lake a considerable distance from the shore. The capsized boat was discovered, the sentinel on the bluff reporting the accident. At once Lieutenant William N. Blow and Private Kynan procured a small boat, and in this frail craft moved swiftly to the scene of the accident, rescuing and bringing safely but in an exhausted condition to the shore the inmate of the wrecked boat. This act of gallantry is deserving of the highest praise and commendation, and the Colonel thanks Lieutenant Blow and Private Kynan for their heroic energy and courage, which restored to safety a fellow-being."

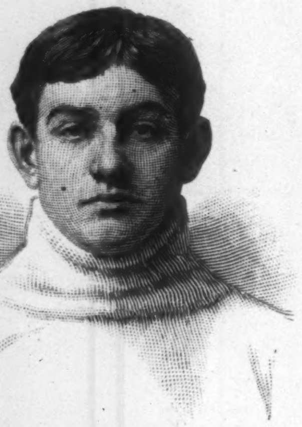
To have been commended by General George Crook is indeed a great honor. Captain John G. Bourke, who was then a Lieutenant, first came under the notice of his chief when Crook was commanding the Department of Arizona For gallantry against hostile Apaches in December, 1872, Lieutenant Bourke was again distinguished. Then for "zeal, energy, ability, and important and distinguished services in camp and field in the campaign against hostile Indians from December, 1872, to January, 1873," and again "for gallantry in action against hostile Apaches in 1873," and once more "for conspicuous service and gallantry in the closing campaign against the Tonto Apache Indians," for "service on the staff of General Crook, for gallantry in an attack upon the hostile Sioux and Cheyenne Indians under Crazy-Horse, on Powder River, Montana, March 17, 1876," for "gallantry against hostile Indians at Rosebud during the same year," and for "gallantry" once more when he fought the Sioux at Sims Buttes, in Dakota, in 1876, again—all these are honors which an officer covets. Once more Captain John G. Bourke's name is presented as worthy of honorable mention by General Stanley, for distinguished services on the Mexican border when suppressing the raids of the revolutionist Garza. With a small mixed force of fourteen men of the Third Cavalry, and twelve men of the Eighteenth Infantry under Second Lieutenant Charles Hays, and three deputy marshals, a determined effort was made to check or capture Garza at Retamal's Springs. A sharp skirmish took place, in which Captain Bourke had one man killed, and Lieutenant Hays and a trooper were wounded. A week afterwards Captain Hardie with his Troop G, Third Cavalry, and First Lieutenant William D. Beach, commanding Troop A, Third Cavalry, and Captain Brooke, commanding a company of Texas Rangers, Captains Bourke and Mackay, Third Cavalry, accompanying the columns as volunteers, attacked a party of two hundred revolutionists under Garza at Charco Redando. The result was the complete breaking up of Garza's band. It was for distinguished services in the suppression of Garza that Captain Bourke and Captain F. H. Hardie's names are associated on the roll of honor.

A fine military record does not alone distinguish Captain Bourke. As an author he has already won a high position. On all questions having to do with Indian myths and ceremonies, past and present, Captain Bourke is the leading American authority.

It was for gallant service during the Garza trouble that Captain Bourke presents the services rendered by private Allen Walker, of Troop C, Third Cavalry. While acting as courier he met three mounted armed Mexicans. Not halting when ordered to do so, Walker fired on them, killing one of the horses, when the rest escaped. Attached to the saddle Walker found a commission of Garza and valuable papers, all of which were important when placed later before the Federal Grand Jury at Brownsville. Walker showed "courage, efficiency, self-reliance, when away from his command," and so deservedly it is with his name, for "actions specially meritorious," that the General Orders No. 33 concludes.

THREE FOOTBALL CAPTAINS OF 1892.

B. W. Trafford is a veteran with an enviable record who has been in some of Harvard's most desperate battles on the gridiron field. He entered Harvard in the autumn of '89, and, unusually enough, immediately secured a place on the 'varsity. His brother Perry was at that time one of the strongest men in the Harvard rush line, and Bernie at once gave evidence that he had heard and seen plenty of football at his preparatory school, Exeter. Trafford in that, his first, year played a great game for Harvard. In the memorable game with Princeton on Jarvis Field he had the famous Ames opposed to him, who at that time was the best punter on any football field. Trafford made a good showing, and did some particularly strong rushing, although the support he received from the forwards was weak.



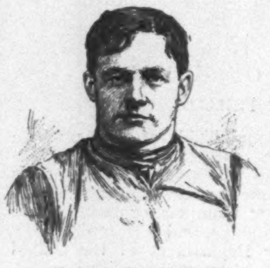
B. W. TRAFFORD, CAPTAIN HARVARD TEAM.

In 1890 Trafford played his best game, and did not go unrewarded, for it was in this year that Arthur Cumnock captained Harvard, and by his indefatigable work turned out the first winning eleven in years. Trafford gave his team frequent and timely relief that year by his long low punts in the teeth of the wind in the first half, and again in the second half of the game he sent the ball into Yale's territory when they were crowding Harvard's goal uncomfortably. When Cumnock was graduated in '91 Trafford was elected captain, and with only the bare nucleus of the champion team of '90 to begin on, finally succeeded in putting an eleven on the field at Springfield that gave the cleverest team Yale ever turned out the hardest work to win.

This year he was again honored with the captaincy, and has set to work with an energy almost rivalling that displayed by Cumnock in '90 to give Harvard once again a winning team. That he is doing enough to encourage hope for the Springfield game is evinced by the record his men have made so far this year. He is handling the team better than it has been managed since '90, and he has the very efficient coaching of Cumnock to aid him.

In his best form, which he has not shown the last two years, probably due to the cares and work of the captaincy, Trafford is an easy and accurate kicker, sending the ball with much force. In addition to his kicking ability his interference for running halves, when they go forward into the line, is clever, and generally starts them fairly on their way. He is also a baseball player, and has filled first base on the 'varsity nine.

Vance McCormick is a comparatively new star in the football firmament, but a fixed one. He received his early football education at Andover, where he filled the position of quarter back, and entered Yale in '91. He captained his Freshman team, and attracted so much attention by his good work at half that in '92 he became a strong candidate for the 'varsity. It is needless to say he made it, for all college men well remember his play last year in the Harvard game at Springfield, and the one with Princeton in New York on Thanksgiving day. He was playing in, to him, an unusual place, at full back, but his line bucking was one of the features of both games.

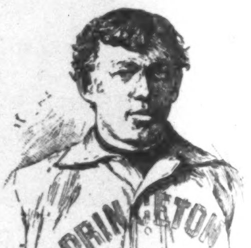


VANCE McCORMICK,
Captain Yale Team.

He is a sturdy-built chap, probably weighing 160, and not over 5 feet 6 inches in height, and when he hit the opening rush line he generally made an impression. It was said he could not kick a goal, and Yale had industriously spread the report that she had a full back who could not drop a goal from the field even if he was right under it; but it is worthy of note that the one time Yale was in a position to try for the five points, the ball went back to McCormick for a try at goal, and he made it.

Last winter he was elected to succeed McClung, who had been graduated, and this autumn when play began we found him at quarter instead of full back. The games he has played so far have shown the wisdom of his move. Behind the snap back he is able to talk to his men and keep them up to their work as he could not do from his old position. Moreover, quarter is his old position at school, and one much more to his liking than that he filled last year. Although he may not be able to do so much ground-gaining for Yale, he will be able to render quite as valuable service. He is strong in interference, has a level head, and uses it to good advantage.

Phil King is a natural-born athlete, and is making one of the best captains Princeton has ever had. Particularly this year he is the right man in the right place, for the Princeton football candidates have needed the past two years a captain with a sharp stick constantly in motion. I think King is about the best captain on the field I have ever seen. Nothing escapes his eye, and when a player makes a mistake in practice he hears of it immediately, and is given instruction how to avoid it again, etc. King made his first appearance in Princeton football in '89, when he played quarter back on his class team. In '90 he succeeded in making the 'varsity, and all who saw that slaughter of the innocents at Eastern Park will remember the great work he did at half back. He proved that day that his bones were made of a stronger substance than those of the average football player, and that he had plenty of sand. His line bucking was a great exhibition and a sorry one, since his own line could make no hole for him, and it was something of the nature of butting one's head against a stone wall.



PHIL KING,
Captain Princeton Team.

Last year Princeton lost a great half back by putting him at quarter; nevertheless his work in that position was very fine, especially his continued stirring up of the men, his interference, and his tackling. This year he has gone back to the old position at half, and in the games he has played showed all the old-time brilliancy of ground-gaining. He is fast, and a hard man to tackle, as well as being a hard tackler.

Princeton has the best prospects this season under his captaincy it has had for two years, and although much of his material is green, sufficient progress has been made to make the outlook encouraging.

NOVEMBER.

Ho! winter's sturdy warder,
  Blow! blow thy bugle call!
The mists in legion restless wait
  To take the sun in thrall.

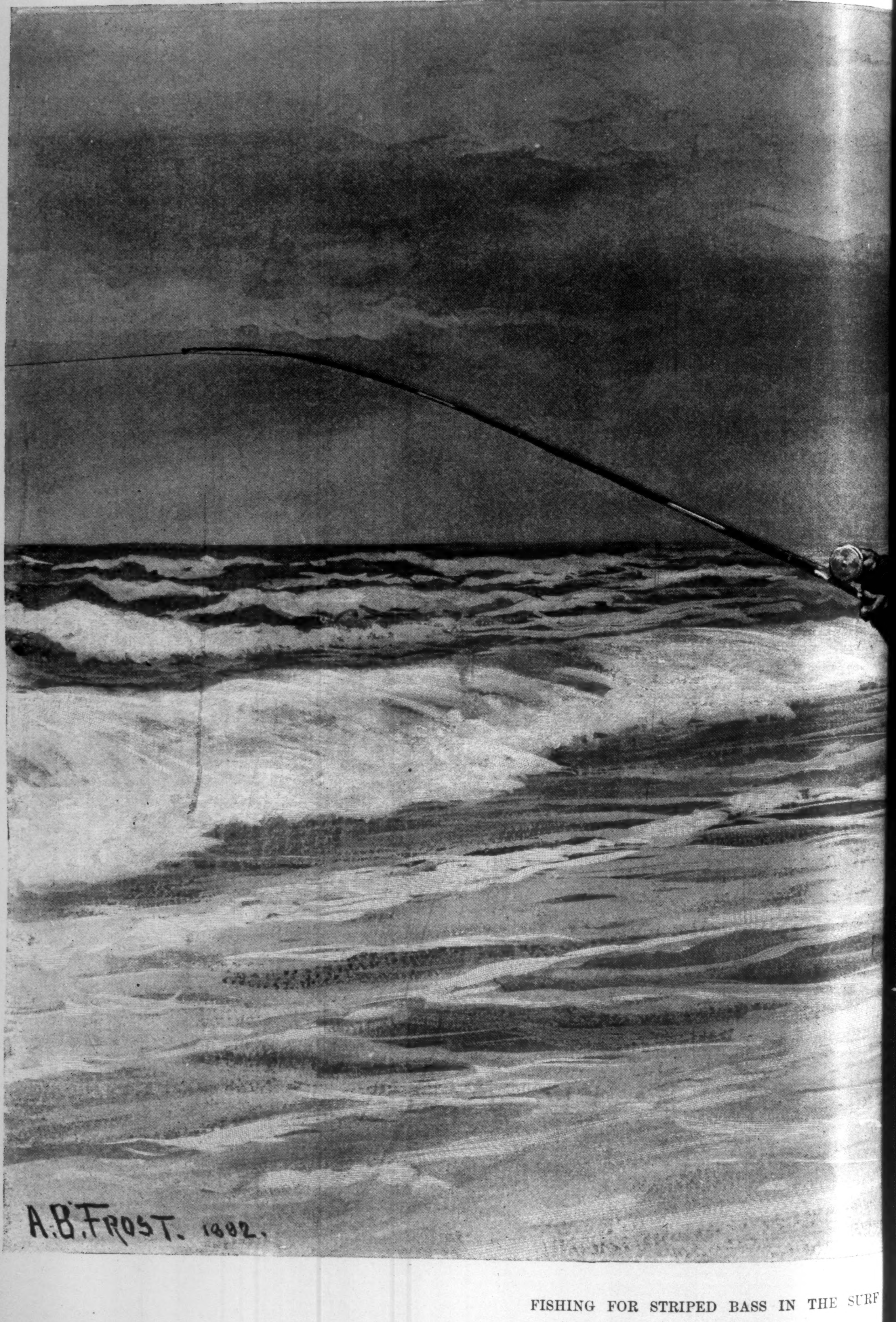
Send far the sighing south wind;
  Nip all the flowers that blow;
The clouds in legion restless wait
  To pelt the world with snow.

Ho! scatter Autumn's embers,
  That burn on plain and hill;
The north wind legions restless wait
  To work their bitter will.

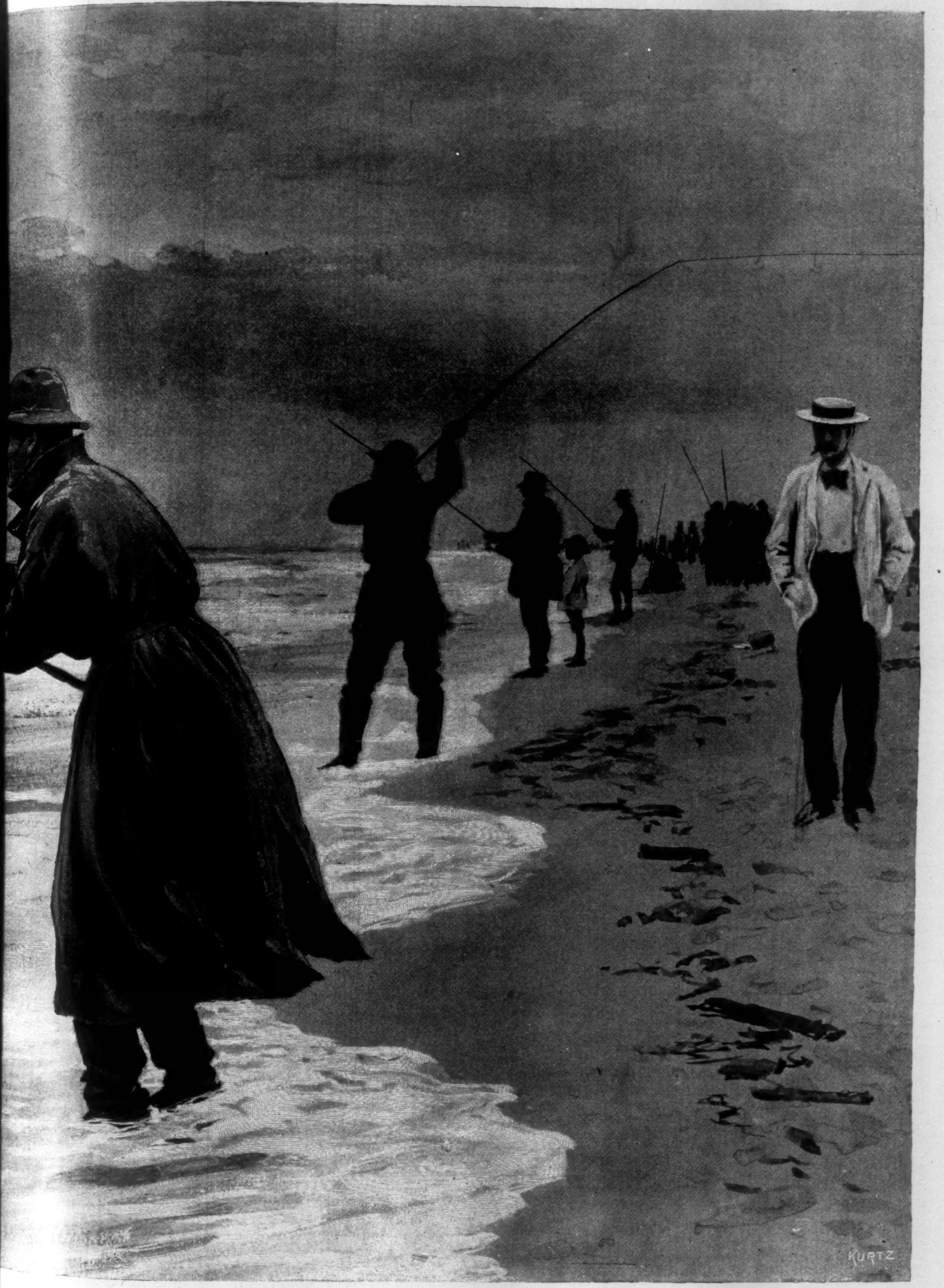
Fill heaven with southward winging
  And wild fowls' shrilling cry.
The flying legions will not wait
  To see the last rose die.

Summer is dead of the frost's white hate;
  The wind knows all the story.
A queen uncrowned, she shall lie in state,
  With a winding-sheet of glory.

Martha McCulloch William


A.B. FROST. 1882.

FISHING FOR STRIPED BASS IN THE SURF



THE NEW JERSEY COAST.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.

MEXICO

BY AUGUSTE GÉNIN.

AT the beginning of the fourteenth century several hundred Mexis or Aztecs arrived on one of the heights overlooking the Valley of Anahuac, or the Country of the Waters, the present Valley of Mexico, and gazed down in astonishment at the beautiful panorama spread out before them. On the right and left two snow-crowned heights, like white-haired giants, reared their mighty crests heavenwards, seeming to watch over the valley and to guard the entrance to it. At their feet stretched a carpet of flower-clad plains and woods, whilst in the distance, girt about by an amphitheatre of mountains, slept vast lakes of gleaming water, looking like silver shields flung down and left forgotten in the herbage. It was in obedience to a mandate from their god Huitzilopochtli that the Aztecs left their native country of Aztlan to seek a marvellous land where a mighty destiny awaited them. They started, confident in the fulfilment of the divine promise, and wandered about for two hundred years, during which they were again and again conquered, decimated, and enslaved by other nations. But set free again, they resumed their pilgrimage, their course marked by the bleaching bones of their dead, until at last one day the survivors, after having crossed half Mexico from north to south, arrived in sight of the country of Anahuac. Was this at last the promised land? The valley looked as if it were still virgin soil,[*] and baked as it was by the sunbeams, it seemed so beautiful that the Aztecs, prostrating themselves upon the ground, entreated their god to permit them here to arrest their wandering steps.

It had been foretold by Huitzilopochtli that a sign from heaven would be given when the end of the long journey had come, but the worshippers waited for some time in vain. Sad and dispirited, they were about to resume their wanderings, when one morning they saw a mighty eagle with a serpent in his claws circling round and round above a nopal or cactus tree on an islet near the western shore of the largest of the lakes. The eagle alighted on the nopal, and poised on it with wings outspread, it tore the serpent to pieces. The Aztecs gave a cry of joy. It was the sign from heaven for which they had waited so long.

A few years later, a mighty city built on piles and known as Mexico-Tenochtitlan[†] had risen from the waters of the lake, whilst from the sacred rock on which the eagle had alighted uprose a colossal temple, the grand Teo-calli of Huitzilopochtli. Wide causeways connected the town with the shores of the lake, and these causeways being easily cut, Mexico was rendered almost impregnable to invasion—an important precaution for the Aztecs, for their immigration had been succeeded by that of other tribes, and there were constant quarrels between the different settlers in the valley.

Under its fifth chief, Montezuma-Ilhuicamma, generally known as Montezuma I., the kingdom of Tenochtitlan either reduced to subjection or entered into alliance with all the neighboring nations, penetrating beyond the limits of Anahuac, and, everywhere victorious, becoming the Rome of the New World.

In 1471, Montezuma I. died, and was succeeded by Montezuma II., who consolidated the conquests of his predecessor, amended the laws, and brought the united kingdom to the zenith of its power and glory. Even before the arrival of the Spaniards in 1519, however, the subject races were beginning to rebel against the central authority; there had been predictions of coming disorder, celestial portents had troubled the mind of the king, and when the rumor reached him of the sudden appearance on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico of a number of strangers who brought the thunderbolt with them, and could cleave the waters of the sea on great white-winged birds, he saw in their arrival the fulfilment of a prophecy, and was ready to fall an easy prey to the invaders.

On landing, Cortés and his troops struck terror into the hearts of the tribes subject to the Aztecs, and adroitly turning to account this terror and the discontent with the heavy yoke of Montezuma's administration, the Spanish general put himself at the head of the insurgents, led them against their oppressors, and with them besieged the Aztec capital, which, though heroically defended by the last of its rulers, was captured after a siege lasting seventy-five days.

The conqueror, Hernan Cortés, soon transformed into slaves the humble native allies with whose aid he had achieved his victory, and by his orders they razed to the ground all that was left of Tenochtitlan, filling in with the rubbish the canals which had made Mexico a kind of Venice. He then had the causeways connecting the ancient city with the shores of the lake widened, and thus joined the site on to the mainland. Modern Mexico soon rose up from the ruins of the old town, and the lake, which had little depth, disappeared altogether, and the only traces of its former presence left now are a few salt patches, like spots of white leprosy, on the soil here and there; but a digger soon reaches the water beneath, and this subterranean water is one of the causes of the frequent inundations of the town during the rainy season.

The traveller from Europe may reach Mexico by way of the United States, or by the port of Vera Cruz.[*] Whether, however, he arrive from the north with eyes weary of the monotony of the lofty plateaux, grassy plains, and bare deserts bordered by interminable blue mountains, or whether, coming from Vera Cruz,[†] he has enjoyed the glorious vision of tropical Mexico, he cannot fail to be profoundly impressed, when he enters the Valley of Mexico, with the grand beauty of the mountains by which it is shut in, and the lovely landscapes of which a glimpse is caught between their lofty crests.

Woods of fir and pine clothe the loftier heights, whilst below them are thickets of cypress, with branches laden with the nests of birds. There are undulating fields of waving green maize, then masses of yellow corn, uncultivated tracts clothed with cacti, which here and there frame the clear waters of a lake, such as Tezcoco, Chalco, or Xochimilco; whilst in the distance, above a circle of hills and mountains, which appear to be prostrate before them, rise the two great extinct volcanoes of Popocatepetl, or the smoking mountain, and Istaccihuatl, or the white woman, covered with perpetual snow. They rise up into the blue sky, pink in the early morning, gleaming white at noon, and red in the evening, when the sun seems to fling them a parting greeting with its crimson rays.

In the wonderfully clear and transparent atmosphere of the lofty uplands of Mexico[‡] everything stands out in bold and startling relief, and the capital itself, set, as it is, in a beautiful yet quaint landscape, with its tiers of houses and numerous cupolas, presents from a distance a peculiarly grand appearance. It resembles, in fact, a bright little Oriental town, rather than anything in the West, to which it belongs.

The roads leading to Mexico are straight and broad, but deeply cut, and the traveller sinks in the dust or mud, according to the season. Nothing indicates the approach to a great town, except, perhaps, a series of tramways, on which, as on all the thoroughfares of the city, run every five minutes comfortable little cars drawn by frisky mules. As we advance, however, one street succeeds another, cutting the main artery at right angles. Large houses standing in their own grounds become numerous, and rows of modest little shops are passed.

We have now reached the quarter known as San Cosmo, which is the healthiest part of the town. On the right we have the pretty little cottage sanatorium of the French colony, the French legation, the station for Vera Cruz, and the terminus of the Central Railway.

Beyond the massive buildings of the Lunatic Asylum is the church of San Hipolito, one of the oldest in Mexico, with a dome of porcelain mosaic; and passing it, we come to the Alameda, which is the Parc Monceaux of the capital. Seated beneath its beautiful trees between four and six in the afternoon, we can see the whole fashionable world of Mexico pass in their carriages down the so-called Avenida Juarez. Leaving on the left the now abandoned Paseo de Bucareli, a dusty little Sahara leading to the French cemetery, we come to the head of the main paseo, known as the Paseo de la Reforma, a noble drive, extending some three miles from the Alameda to Chapultepec, and wide enough for five or six carriages to drive abreast. There, where this paseo and other thoroughfares abut, is the fine statue of Carlos IV. of Spain, the work of the Spanish sculptor Tolsa, but cast in Mexico. A little further off is a monument to Christopher Columbus, one of the very rare memorials of the great explorer in the country he discovered; and between it and the park of Chapultepec is a beautiful statue of Cuatimotzin or Montezuma III., the last of the Aztec kings, the defender of Tenochtitlan against the Spaniards. The hero is represented standing, clothed in martial garb, and with a javelin in his uplifted hand. The statue is placed on a pyramidal pedestal of extraordinary design, adorned with Greek bass-reliefs and scenes copied from the ruins of old historical Mexican buildings. The general effect, in spite of this quaint juxtaposition of subjects, is, however, alike imposing and original.

Carriages coming from the park of Chapultepec drive round this monument on their way to the Alameda, returning by the same route; and when the whole Mexican world has slowly made the tour of the Champs Élysées some five or six times, and pedestrians, riders on horseback, and drivers have stared at each other enough,[*] they return to the town by way of the streets known as San Francisco and Plateros, which, with that of Cinco de Mayo, are the finest in the capital.

Many Mexican gentlemen still resist English and French fashions, wearing their own picturesque national costumes, and are seen in park and paseo in almost close-fitting jackets, waistcoats, and pantaloons of leather or black cloth, set off with buttons and silver or steel chains, a wide felt hat embroidered with silver, a loose scarf, and spurs with large rowels completing their get-up.

The Mexican saddle resembles that used by the Arabs; it is covered with leather embroidered with silver thread, and adorned with numerous little plaques of the same metal. The large flat pommel serves a double purpose, as round it is twisted one end of the lasso when the other has sped forth to check in mid-career some mad bull or wild horse of the prairie. The seat of the saddle is deep and comfortable, sloping up a little at the back; the stirrups, which are of wood garnished with leather, cover the whole foot, and serve to protect it from rain and briers, whilst from the saddle-bow hangs a sabre with blade of tempered Toledo steel.

Mexican señoras and caballeros have a mode of salutation peculiar to themselves. The English bow and shake of the hand is not enough for them. But when quite at a distance from each other they make a pretty motion of the hand[†] by shaking the fingers of the left hand. Gentlemen at the same time take off their hats with the right hand. This shaking of the fingers is very effective, and shows off to advantage the pretty hand of a woman.

It is six o'clock, and carriages are turning back with horses at full trot for the town; but here is one, simple enough in appearance, yet drawn by superb horses, going in the opposite direction, towards the country. As it passes we salute its occupant, the President of the republic, General Porfirio Diaz, who, with his family, resides during the fine season in the Chapultepec Palace, where is also the Military Academy.[‡]

Suddenly the whole scene is suffused with a rosy light; twilight has fallen in the valley. For one brief moment the paling light struggles against the darkness, and then night has come; the shops begin to close their shutters; gas and electric lights gleam yellow and blue through the gloom.

In Mexico—except when there is a play at the theatre, and there is seldom one worth taking the trouble to see—every one goes to bed at nightfall. At nine o'clock all noises cease, and the streets are all but deserted. The only life is at the cafés, where billiards are played, at the National Theatre, which is a handsome structure, and at the principal theatre, which is a very ugly building. In the pretty central square, known as the Zocalo, however, an excellent military band plays for the benefit of a few belated promenaders.

By day the town of Mexico presents a very unique appearance, for, from whatever point of view chosen, the avenues are shut in by the serrated mountains surrounding the whole valley.

The straight wide streets, running in parallel lines from north to south and from east to west, make it look modern enough, but, for all that, the old whitewashed houses, the only architectural beauties of which are the numerous windows with projecting balconies, give the whole place a superannuated appearance. These houses are always built in four blocks, with one or two patios or spacious court-yards. On two sides of this patio there is generally a narrow veranda or some projecting masonry, which serves as a protection from the rain, and enables the occupant to reach dry-shod the wide staircase with high stone steps leading to the upper rooms. These rooms, which are mostly paved with tiles* instead of planks, open on to a gallery running round the court, with a balustrade at a convenient height for leaning against, which balustrade is decked with numerous pots of flowers and shrubs. The first story alone is used to live in, the ground-floor being occupied by shops, magazines, or stables. The better houses are built of freestone, whilst the poorer tenements consist of a material known as amygdaloid, which is a variety of porous trap or basaltic rock of a reddish color, the blocks being bound together with cement or sand. Some buildings have walls of great thickness, three feet or more.

---

[*] It was, however, inhabited by the Chichimecs, who had arrived not long before, and by the last of the Toltecs.

[†] The name Mexico is derived from *Mexitli*, the second name of Huitzilopochtli; and Tenochtitlan from *tenochtli*, nopal, and *tlan*, country.

[*] Two railways, the Central and the National, linked together by a branch line, known as the International, connect Mexico with the United States. It takes sixty hours to go to Mexico by way of the Central from the frontier station of Paso del Norte, and one hundred and twenty hours are required to reach Paso from New York. The route by the National is much shorter.

[†] Mexico is connected with Vera Cruz by a railway which is a marvel of engineering enterprise. The distance traversed is some 250 miles, and the time occupied eleven hours.

[‡] Mexico is in north latitude 19° 20′ and west longitude 99° 5′. It is about 7000 feet above the level of the sea. The mean temperature is 16° Centigrade, and it contains some 400,000 inhabitants.

[*] In her *Face to Face with the Mexicans*, p. 165, Mrs. F. C. Gooch says, *à propos* of this drive, "Carriages are usually driven in line, while the gayly equipped caballeros curvet in the opposite direction."—*Trans.*

[†] Mrs. F. C. Gooch thus describes this salutation: "One of the prettiest and most cunning of the hand motions is called *beso soplado*, throwing kisses by gathering the fingers of the right hand in a close group, touching the lips, then throwing them out fanlike, at the same time blowing on the hand as it is outstretched towards the object for whom the demonstration is intended, thus indicating that five kisses are given at once."—*Face to Face with the Mexicans*, p. 210.

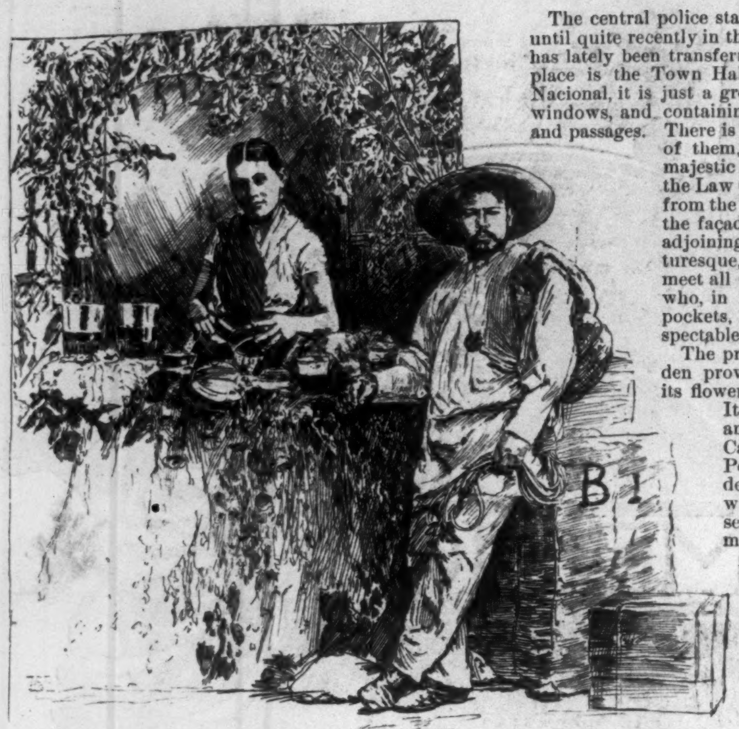
[‡] On the hill of Chapultepec is a fine monument to the memory of the young scholars, of from fourteen to eighteen years of age, who "died like heroes in the North American invasion, 13th September, 1847," and not far from it is a second monument to the Americans who fell in the same sanguinary conflict.—TRANS.

The foundations of most of the houses being laid in water or in marshy flats, they have no cellars, and are really great cubes of masonry kept in place by their own weight.†

From the first thing in the morning the streets are full of traffic; richly dressed horsemen, hired carriages, noisy carts with unoiled wheels, drawn by four, six, or eight mules, troops of donkeys and mules loaded with all manner of packages, jostle each other in the roadway.‡ Water-carriers, or *aguadors*, completely clad in leather, and wearing a kind of jockey cap also of leather, besiege the public fountains, carrying two huge amphoræ, kept in place by straps, which cross on the head over a palm-leaf cap with leather visor.

Indian men and women pass to and fro screaming out in ear-splitting tones the names of what they have to sell, fruits, vegetables, chickens, etc., carrying everything on their backs in wicker-work baskets, fastened on to their shoulders like soldiers' knapsacks, but supported by a leather thong passed across the forehead beneath the broad-brimmed straw sombreros, or worn just under the arms across the chest.

Street boys follow the passers-by, breathlessly shouting out the names of the daily papers and the numbers of the last tickets of the Loteria Nacional, or National Lottery. You pause an instant, you give a silver coin....horror of horrors, you have been noticed, and you are immediately surrounded by twenty beggars of all ages, followed by dozens of mangy yellow dogs, which appear from every side, and in piteous tones you are implored, "For the sake of Jesus, Joseph, and Mary, señor, give a dole, a little dole. Oh, dear little friend [*amiguito*], God and your sweetheart will reward you!"



A SELLER OF ICED DRINKS AND A CARGADOR OR PORTER.

A CACTUS HEDGE IN MEXICO.

FLOWER-SELLER OF MEXICO.

The little dole received, the street Arabs disperse, and if you follow them, you will see them go to a *pulqueria* and invest in some pulque, which they will drink to the health of *Nuestra Señora*. This pulque, which is the juice of a Mexican *agave*, or aloe, is a very alcoholic white beverage, with a strong smell, and a taste disagreeable enough to European palates. It is, however, not at all bad when served as it is on Mexican tables as a relish to turkey, with pimento sauce (*el mole*), a plate of *frijoles*, which are black or red haricot beans, half a dozen *ensaladas*, or salads, of which the Mexicans prepare a great variety of different delightful and pungent flavors, flanked by a pile of hot tortillas, or of tamalitos, which are both fried preparations of corn meal, or rather of macerated corn, in the making of which great skill is required.*

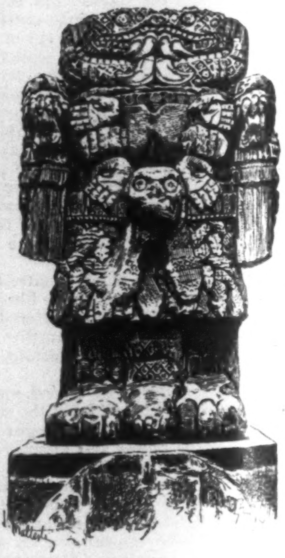
The pulquerias, or pulque shops of Mexico, decorated with extraordinary signs outside, and with marvellous pictures adorning the walls inside, are well worth a visit. Against the wall, behind a massive counter facing the street, are ranged rows of open barrels containing the pulque, and painted green, white, and red, which are the national colors. The *pulquero*, or seller of pulque, dips out the liquid in a wooden measure or horn, and thence pours it into thin colored glasses. The pulqueria is the general rendezvous of the workmen and lower classes of Mexico, who drink their pulque standing, toasting each other in grand speeches. The poorest vagrant has his high-sounding phrases; but, alas! they get tipsy, they begin to quarrel, they draw knives on each other, and a general mêlée ensues....Some one calls for the police, and a policeman arrives, his bâton in his hand, his revolver at his side, and without much difficulty—for the *leperos*, or lazzaroni of Mexico, are generally very well behaved—he takes the culprits to the police station.

The central police station, known as *La Disputacion*, was until quite recently in the lower part of the Town Hall, but has lately been transferred to the Belem prison. A dreary place is the Town Hall of Mexico, for, like the Palacio Nacional, it is just a great barrack, pierced with numerous windows, and containing many sparsely furnished rooms and passages. There is no architectural beauty about either of them, only a series of straight lines of majestic ugliness. Equally uninteresting are the Law Courts behind the Seminary, not far from the Cathedral. But the arcades beneath the façade of the Town Hall and in the two adjoining streets are not otherwise than picturesque, and form covered galleries in which meet all the itinerant venders of the capital, who, in league as they are with the pickpockets, are a perfect nuisance to the respectable classes.

The principal square, with its shady garden provided with seats, its fountains, and its flower market, is known as the Zocalo. It is some six hundred feet square, and is framed by the Town Hall, the Cathedral, the Palacio Nacional, the Portal de Mercaderos, and the Calle del Empedradillo. The Cathedral, which is in the Spanish taste of the seventeenth century, is heavy and massive rather than majestic. It is of the form of a Latin cross, the intersection marked by a cupola upheld by four pillars. The façade, with its two towers of unequal height, is not unpleasing in spite of its mixture of styles.

The interior, though its general appearance remains cold, is richly decorated, the walls and columns toned down and beautified by the incrustations of time; but, alas! they have lately been coated over with horrible white paint. The altars of carved wood are loaded with gilding and little statuettes of various colors, whilst the massive silver railings and lamps, which were so much admired in the time of the supremacy of the Church in Mexico, have disappeared. There remain, however, a few good paintings, mostly modern. On one side of the Cathedral is the Sagrario, of later date, sacred to parochial functions, which has a curiously sculptured façade. There are, besides the Cathedral, several fine churches in Mexico, of which the best are, perhaps, those of Santo Domingo, La Profesa, La Santisima, and Loreto.

Thanks to the clearness of the atmosphere and the limpidity of the air, the moonlight nights of Mexico are very beautiful, and in them the



THE GODDESS OF DEATH, IN THE MUSEUM OF MEXICO.

---

* Mrs. Gooch gives an interesting account of the making of a floor in Mexico, in which she says mortar, fine gravel, and a red earthy deposit known as tipichal or almagra are used, the final glazelike polish being obtained by weeks of rubbing.—TRANS.

† "I have often," says Mrs. Gooch, "seen a loaded wagon, carriage, or cart perceptibly shake a two-story house."—*Face to Face with the Mexicans*, p. 104.

‡ The donkeys and mules, known as *burros*, are very typical features of street life in Mexico, fifty often passing at a time, one behind another, laden with every conceivable variety of goods, from sheaves of green corn to pots, kettles, chairs, or even bedsteads. If the first of the fifty strikes and stops to lie down, all the others follow his example; but as a rule they plod steadily and silently on with wonderful patience and resignation.—TRANS.

* See *Face to Face with the Mexicans*, pp. 71 and 73.

Cathedral, as seen from the Zocalo, presents a fairylike appearance, resembling a building of silver lace-work lit up by blue Bengal lights.

Behind the Palacio Nacional are the Post-office, the Museum, the Academy, and the Conservatory. In the last-named instruction is given in French, as in all the best schools of the country. In good society every one speaks and understands French. Dumas, Maupassant, Feuillet, and other French authors are read and appreciated as thoroughly as if they had been written in the language of Cervantes, and Parisian fashions are becoming *de rigueur*. Moreover, most of the commerce of Mexico is in the hands of Frenchmen, who own the best shops in the best quarters alike of the capital and the other towns of the country.*

On the way back to the Zocalo we cross the Central Market, where we find a great crowd of people and plenty of mud, and where we hear a confusion of cries. There are eggs piled up in crates, mountains of pats of butter, each rolled up in three leaves of maize to keep it cool, pyramids of Toluca cheeses, flanked by all manner of groceries or *tiendas*, and great joints of bleeding meat exposed for sale by dirty butchers, who have no idea of setting out their goods to advantage. Here, too, are pork-butchers with strings of red sausages garnished with pimentos, salted hams, and piles of meat dried in the sun, and known as *tasajo*, whilst among the crowd circulate the *tortilleras*, or venders of tortillas, who have just bought their stock of little cakes of macerated maize in the open-air kitchens kept by the *padronas*.†

Arranged on rush mats on the ground, under booths made of other rushes hung on three sticks stuck in the ground, and kept in place by a fourth in the middle like the handle of a parasol, are piles of vegetables and fruits, such as radishes, cabbages, pimentos, oranges and lemons, zapotillas‡ of all manner of colors, anonas or custard-apples, huge bunches of bananas, watermelons, sweet-potatoes, mixed together in picturesque confusion, the many tints harmonizing happily, whilst the air is filled with their strong tropical aroma, tempering the atmosphere laden with the smell of tainted meat, the fumes of cooking, etc.

Buyers and sellers, porters, housekeepers, and beggars, jostle and gesticulate at each other: let us make haste to get out of the hubbub.*

A couple of steps, and here we are in the *Monterilla*, where all the latest novelties are sold; another few paces and we reach the *Plateros*, where live the chief jewellers of Mexico. But it is now mid-day, and all the world is rushing to the canteens and bars to secure a gin cocktail or an iced sherry cobbler. Let us go into the Casa Plaisante, where we shall find nearly all the men of mark in Mexico—senators, deputies, journalists, and other writers, officers and merchants, standing shoulder to shoulder, drinking together and clinking their glasses; whilst outside, leaning against the windows of the shops, young Mexico ogles the pretty women passing on their way home from mass, and the dainty demoiselles who are tripping along to get their luncheon, and to whom the beaux fling many a silly compliment as they go by; whilst carriages drive along the road in which sit brightly clad dames of note, chiefly of Spanish birth, who bow here and there to the acquaintances they see in the crowd; and all the time beggars, sellers of fruit, peddlers of all kinds, and, above all, hawkers of lottery tickets, bawl at the top of their voices, trying to outshout each other.

It is the thing to pass Sunday afternoon in Mexico on the Plaza de Toros, but what is one to do on week-days?.... We can go to the Public Library, which is well worth a visit, and owns one hundred and sixty thousand volumes, or to the Medical Institute, the School of Jurisprudence, and the Mineria Palace, a beautiful building, which is unfortunately sinking gradually into the yielding soil on which it is built; in fact, one may make a regular tour of the principal paseo, and after dinner cheat time, as the Mexicans express it, by losing a few piastres at roulette.

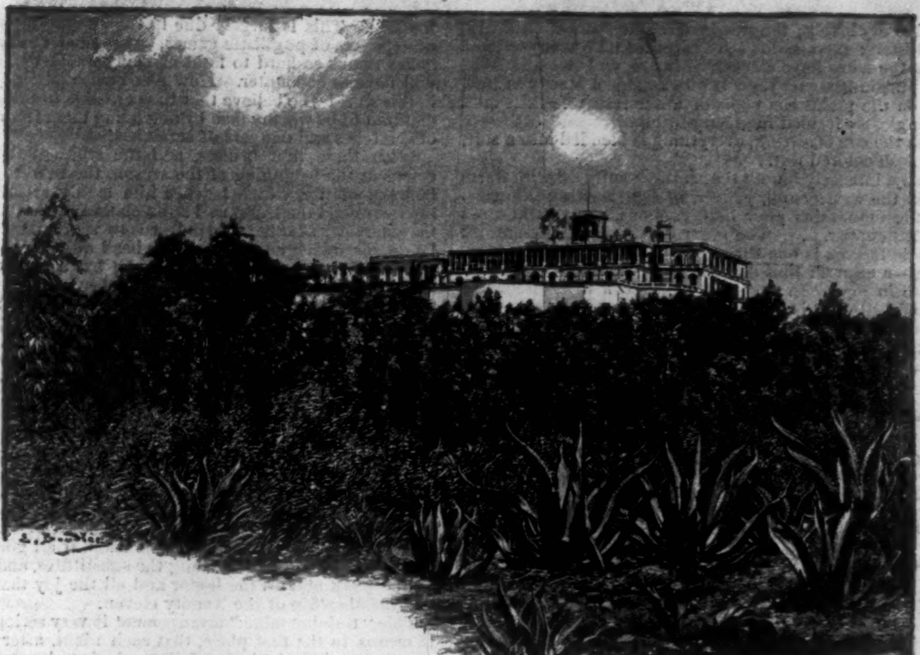
Mexico rejoices in a very fine climate; it is neither too hot nor too cold, like a perpetual June, except on the few rare occasions when a gale of wind sweeps down from the North, and the sudden lowering of the temperature is felt the more through the fact that the houses have no chimneys, the use of stoves being quite unknown in this all but uninterrupted spring.

The wet season lasts three months, and it then rains every day, almost at the same time, but never for more than three or six hours at a stretch. Before and after the storm the sun shines brightly, and the sky is clear and blue.

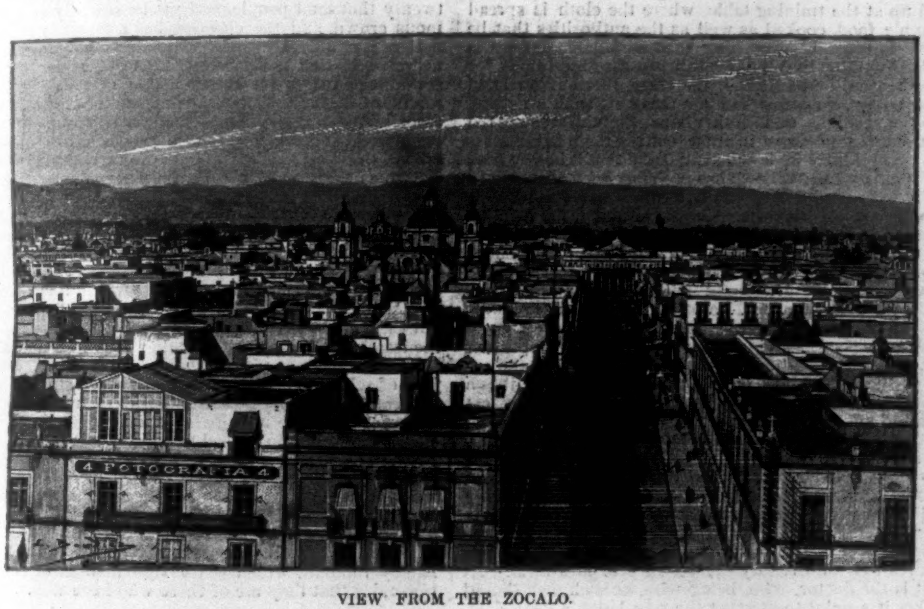
If, however, by any chance there is more rain than usual, and the wet season is prolonged, the capital becomes nearly uninhabitable, and resembles the Aztec Venice destroyed by Cortés. The levels of the lakes in the valley rise, the low-lying districts are flooded, and the town once more looks as if it were in a lagoon, so entirely is it surrounded by ditches, or *acequias*, full to overflowing of water.

The streets are converted into rivers of mud, through which splash commissionnaires, their trousers rolled up to their thighs, carrying on their backs the unfortunate people who are obliged to go and attend to their business, whilst melancholy horsemen pass hidden beneath their huge white mackintosh cloaks, and coachmen with loud cries urge on the horses of their vehicles—I very nearly said, of their gondolas!

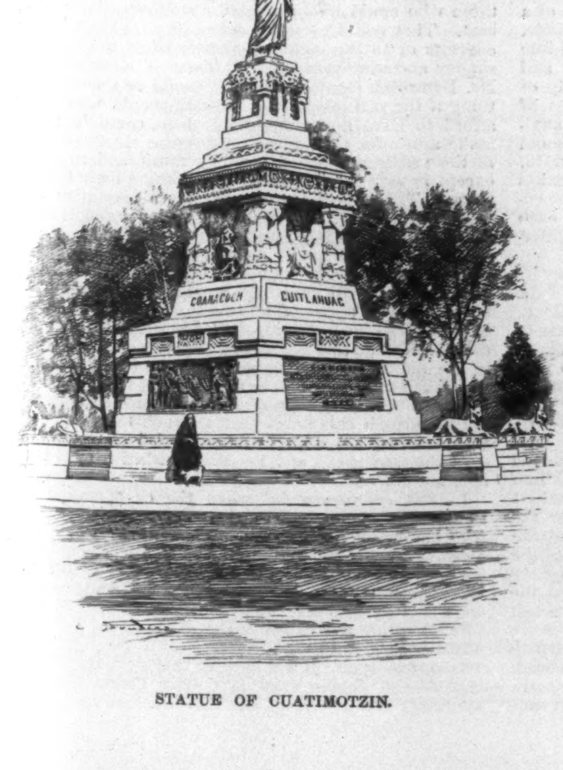
When seen from the neighboring heights, the flooded val-



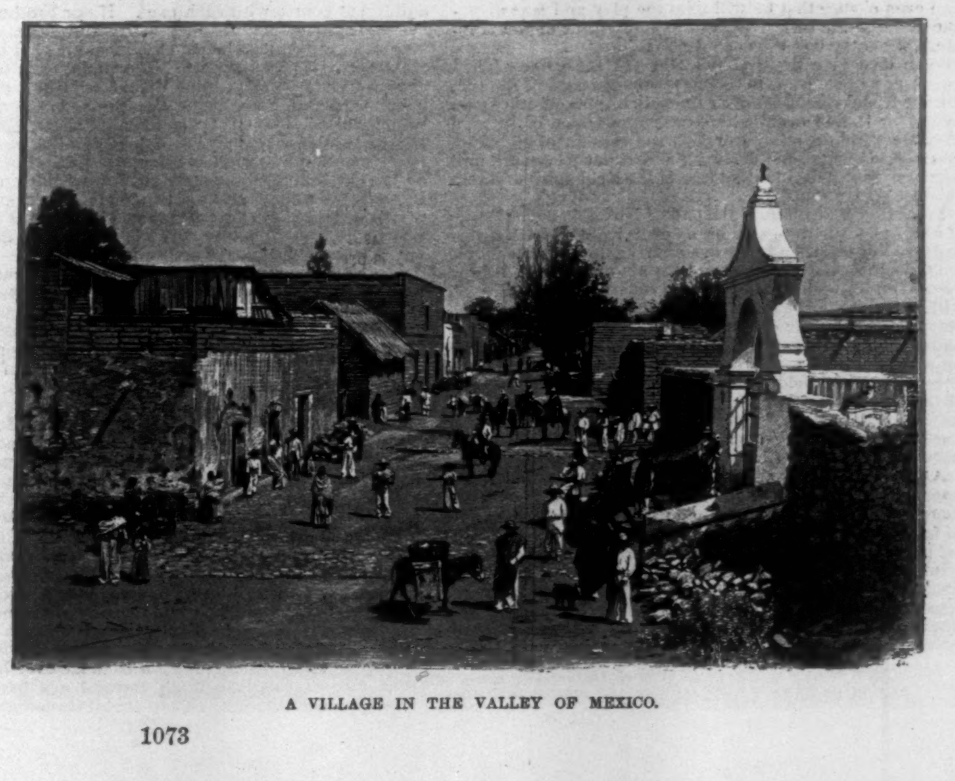
THE FORTRESS OF CHAPULTEPEC.



VIEW FROM THE ZOCALO.



STATUE OF CUATIMOTZIN.



A VILLAGE IN THE VALLEY OF MEXICO.

---

* We hear nothing of this supremacy of the French in Mrs. Gooch's exhaustive survey of the Mexicans, but she tells us how much Americans and their ways are everywhere appreciated.—TRANS.

† Mrs. Gooch, in the book so often referred to, tells us that the *padrona* is quite a personage in Mexico, ruling with a rod of iron the *tortilleras* who grind the corn and make the cakes. The women who sell them in the markets, as well as those who work in the kitchens, have their own rules and regulations for conducting the business, which are never infringed.—TRANS.

‡ The fruit of the sweet-sapota tree, or *zapote mamey*.—TRANS.

* Another quaint feature of a Mexican market is that the homeless poor take their meals squatting all round its border, and a minor detail worth noting is that everything is sold retail, and it is almost impossible to buy things by the dozen or the pound; three or four lumps of sugar, a few pinches of pepper, and so on, must be bought separately to make up the total required.—TRANS.

ley looks very lovely; the woods of schinus* are clothed with pink clusters; the meadows are carpeted with many-colored flowers, the lakes have a greenish lustre, and the reflections of the purple irises on their banks assume a blood-red hue, whilst on the plains the pools of water resemble little steel looking-glasses framed in green plush.

When the sun is setting, everything is blended into a soft, tender flesh-colored tint. . . .

The sky, intensely blue at the zenith, is suffused with warm tones in the west; coral, yellow, orange, melting into each other, the mountains glow like reefs of amethysts in a sea of molten copper. . . The glory deepens and spreads till the whole heaven is one throbbing blaze of beauty. All is crimson—a crimson that dazzles the eyes; the sun seems to palpitate in agony in a sea of blood, and then suddenly, quite suddenly, he is gone. One moment the twilight is hovering about us like a bird resting on quivering wings; the next, it is gone, and darkness has fallen. The night has come, and quickly spreads her sombre star-strewn velvet mantle over the whole of the sleeping sky.

NOTE.—The previous papers of this series, entitled "Capitals of the World," were published in HARPER'S WEEKLY as follows:

PARIS.—No. 1837.
By FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.
ST. PETERSBURG.—No. 1841.
By E. MELCHIOR DE VOGÜÉ.
CONSTANTINOPLE.—No. 1846.
By PIERRE LOTI.
ROME.—No. 1850.
By GASTON BOISSIER.
GENEVA.—No. 1856.
By ÉDOUARD ROD.
ATHENS.—No. 1859.
By COMTE DE MOÜY.
PEKIN.—No. 1862.
By GENERAL TCHENG-KI-TONG.
CAIRO.—No. 1864.
By CAMILLE PELLETAN.
BERLIN.—No. 1866.
By ANTONIN PROUST.
LONDON.—No. 1868.
By SIR CHARLES W. DILKE.
VIENNA.—No. 1869. By MADAME ADAM.

SIXTY DAYS OF FOOTBALL.

BY J. H. SEARS.

FOOTBALL has now become one of the familiar parts of college life, and it appears before the public at the proper time in the year, just as the glee clubs, the crews, the baseball nines, and the theatrical shows appear at their proper seasons; and the community accepts them all with a pleasant spirit, willing to be amused and to enjoy what the boys have to show.

But as the audience that goes to a theatrical show of one or another of the colleges has no idea of the amount of study, work, and care that has been put into the preparation of that one night's exhibition, so there are few in the crowd that attend a football game who have any conception of the enormous amount of work required to put one of these teams into the field. Still less does one realize what an influence over the members of the team this playing and practising has been, and what a wide bearing the sport has over the body-politic of the college.

Not only does the practice train men's minds and bodies into healthy grooves, but the life they lead during the training season has a distinct influence for good over the rest of the little community. Young college men, as a rule, do not have an irrepressible yearning to do all the intemperate, absurd things known to mankind, in spite of a somewhat popular belief to that effect, but they need some outlet for their animal spirits, and it is natural that they should. This may turn them into dissipation or into healthy exercise, but seldom into both. And it is difficult, therefore, to measure the influence for good which this systematic training and exercise exerts, coming as it does at the beginning of the season and catching the men before they are started on the wrong road. On entering college a young man finds that the football practice of the first two months is considered more popular than dissipation. That period between October and Christmas is a critical one for him, and if he joins the training squad, he receives an impetus in the right direction that is enough to keep him temperate in his habits through his entire course.

Probably he has not the benefit or pleasure of any one's acquaintance, but he knows that he is wanted, with all others, on the football team, and a notice to that effect posted on the college trees, possibly seconded by his longing to be one of the team itself, induces him to go out and "try."

On the field the men are beginning at the beginning. Four or five hundred students are watching a hundred of their classmates taking their first lessons, and the new candidate is at once set to work "falling on the ball" with the rest. It is nothing more difficult than to drop on a rolling ball of leather; but to the neophyte, and an awkward one at that, the jumping into the air and landing on one's head in the grass before several hundred men is anything but easy. It is an even chance that he will miss the play and sprawl ungracefully on the turf, much to the amusement of the spectators, while the ball rolls calmly on its way.

Some men give it up at this stage of the game. They "don't propose to come to college to amuse a pack of idiots"; but our friend scrambles after the ball, throws off other men trying for it, and eventually secures possession of it; and probably within a minute or two the captain of the team asks him his name, and, having pointed out where the mistake was made, tells him that that is the right spirit and that he must try it again.

From that time on until the end of November it is a series of hard-fought battles with him. Never quite sure whether he is on the team, he is always striving to do better. He practises incessantly, and when he is not on the field, it is no uncommon thing to find him in his room rushing at the wall with a ball under one arm and the other arm stretched out before him; for if he can hit the wall with his outstretched palm and bound away without bending the arm, he can, so he wisely argues, maintain the "straight arm" against an adversary on the field. Many a time has the careworn face of the landlady appeared in the doorway to know "what on earth was the matter," and on being told that it was only football practice, has gone away muttering that "that game would be the death of her, if it wasn't of her house!"

At the end of a week the daily games begin, and if the poor fellow was green at the first principles, he finds much more to learn now. An old hand instinctively knows how to fall when he is tackled, but the beginner is sure to scrape off part of his cheek, or bend all the fingers of his hand the wrong way in trying to stop his fall, and though his appearance from a sporting point of view is no doubt much enhanced thereby, his own mother would scarcely know him afterwards. From such beginnings as these it is that the epithet of *brutal* has grown around the fair name of Rugby football. This is largely due to the stirring reports in the newspapers of pugilistic games, but even at its blackest the game is not so hard to fight as many another that the boy will have to encounter. How many wise parents there are in this world who believe that they are able to bring up their children to be worthy men by defending them from all kinds of scratches and dangers of scratches!

With these first bruises, and the stiffness that always comes at the beginning of the season, the new boy gets his baptism of fire, which teaches him manly self-respect for his own good qualities, and appreciation of similar traits in the character of others. He learns to watch for himself, to be on his own guard, to use his head quickly in suddenly presented situations. To be sure, he has a hard time each afternoon with his stiffness and his aches; it is disagreeable to put on a heavy suit wet with yesterday's mud; it is uncomfortable to go out in the rain and dive into a puddle of water to secure the ball floating on its surface, but in a few minutes his blood is racing through his veins, and with the stirring play, that he learns to love so well, all thought of stiffness, all fastidiousness, is soon gone, and the determination not to muff this ball, not to let that man by, brings out as fine a spirit as you can find in mankind, and bruises and wet clothes and mud are nothing compared with this.

But the crowning joy of our young friend's career up to this time is when the captain comes to him some fine day, and bids him make arrangements to leave his boarding-house, and join himself and the older men at the training table. That means a place on the team, if all goes well, or at the very least a place among the substitutes, and it means all the work and all the honor and all the joy that attaches to a membership of the 'varsity eleven.

This "training table" arrangement is very serious matter. It means, in the first place, that each night, after the day's practice, and the bath that follows, he is to be examined by the doctor of the team to see if he is hurt in any way, or if he has drawn too heavily on his strength and needs certain kinds of food and drink. It means also that he becomes a machine, as far as his daily habits are concerned, which, by-the-way, is probably rather a shock, if he is made of the same stuff as the average college man. The twenty or more candidates, of whom he has now become one, are required to rise at a certain hour, and meet at eight in the morning. They take a short walk in the bracing air before breakfast, and end up at the training table, where the cloth is spread with simple food, cooked as well as the authorities that be can have it cooked. Anything that stimulates falsely is omitted. Anything that is likely to injure the digestion is, for a similar reason, omitted; and, therefore, there is no fried food, no pastry, no coffee, nor anything of such a nature. But the popular idea, on the other hand, that the men are fed on meat that is almost raw in order to make them ferocious is absurd. Anything that is substantial and that is honest food can be had. And as each man has probably been accustomed to a different diet, he is naturally allowed to have what he wants within the bounds mentioned. Finally, the men are supposed to be in bed at ten o'clock.

The memories of these training-table days, when chops were consumed by the hundreds, and nobody waited to be asked to begin, are dear to all old-timers. The new man does not realize it yet, but it will be one of the happiest months of his life. Every one there is interested in the great game to come; conversation seldom turns off the one important subject, and after two hours of a species of earthquake existence on the field, with hardly a care on your mind, it is a joy to lean back in your chair, and drink milk, and eat chops, and laugh long and loud. There is a kindly spirit of chivalry, too, among the men, where all are working together for one end, and each will do what he can for the other. But the older players feel that in the sacredness of this new kinship they can also initiate the new men by many of the jokes that are hard to bear at the time, but which take all the "freshness" and most of the false conceit out of the tenderfoot. Up at the head of the table sits the captain, and carves four or five large pieces of beef at a meal. At the foot is the doctor, who, being wise, as such men should be, makes it a point to see that the men laugh a good deal, and worry as little as possible; and then oftentimes some "old" graduate, a sometime football player, comes in with the coach to encourage the men and tell stories of the way he used to train in his day.

The systematic life, the careful training, and the prodigious exercise act differently on each man, and it is no easy task for the captain to keep them all in a normal condition. Some of the larger-boned men gain in weight, twenty pounds in two months being nothing unusual; while others, new men especially, who are working with all their vigorous nervous strength, may become "overtrained," and then the doctor and the captain have to take them in hand. It runs a different course with each man. If our Freshman is of a nervous temperament, he may worry himself into insomnia, and begin to fear that he is not doing well, that he will lose the game. Then he goes to his captain, none too old and experienced a veteran himself, and tells him not only of misgivings and fears about the game, but sometimes of troubles at home, of his father's illness, of his mother's anxiety, or even of some first young love affair, things he would never mention under other circumstances. But the strain, on the one hand, and the close bond of friendship that exists between the captain and his men, on the other, make the occasion unusual. Yet a month ago they did not know each other, and a month hence they will be in half a dozen different cliques of the college social life.

Meantime, however, the work of the team advances day by day Every afternoon the men under the instruction of the coaches learn to understand one another without speaking, almost without looking at each other. The "green" man of a month ago has learned to run with the ball, or to kick, or to tackle, or "block off," and, most important of all, to play to the best advantage with the other ten men, so that the eleven shall be one machine of eleven parts rather than eleven individual men. This is the science of football—the "team-play"—and it is only in its infancy as yet. The possibilities of it are very great, and the study put into it is in some respects as good for a man as the study put into his college course. One might almost say that the smallest part of it appears on the field. For each day, after the bath and the rub-down, and after an honest dinner at the training table, the men meet in the captain's room for the discussions that inevitably follow the day's work. In the centre of the room is a large blackboard. Around on the chairs and desks and tables the tired serious men sit intent on the work. Close by the board half a dozen or more are sitting Turk-fashion on the floor, this one with a crutch across his knees, another with a bandage over his forehead, that exposes only one bright earnest eye fixed upon the hieroglyphics in chalk. They are all chosen men, and each face has its own character marked upon it in strong lines. The captain is drawing plans and discussing disputed points. Perhaps he gives one or another of the men a supposititious play, and tells him to go to the board and mark out the position he ought to take. Another player follows, and then another. Possibly the whole team adjourns to a neighboring stable or hall, where they walk through play after play, each taking the place he should occupy theoretically. But the fine part of the game always returns when the men find themselves on the field, viz., that each play as it takes place is unique, and requires individual judgment on the part of each player. No two situations in football were ever exactly the same in the game; no man ever runs in precisely the same way, or tackles from the same point, and thus each game as it occurs offers new situations for discussion. Then suddenly ten o'clock strikes, and the men are off to bed.

So the practice goes on, interspersed with weekly games that prepare the men of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton for their great games to come later on, and at last the end of the season approaches. Here our young Freshman, now a full-fledged 'varsity man, has one more stunning surprise in store for him. He has played many games through the season, but the first five minutes of one of the big games around Thanksgiving day is as different from these as a cyclone from a bad storm. It is as if this were a final test of his courage. Instead of running into a single opponent, he runs into a "pocket," where half a dozen are waiting for him; instead of being tackled and held, he is thrown down the instant he is tackled. But at the same time his blood is up, and woe betide the man *he* tackles!

As the men come on the field for one of these games the brightness of the uniforms is gone, most of them wear no caps, all have a ragged look about their clothes, and the padded trousers give them a peculiarly awkward figure. They are all of a different height, and as they stand before the immense crowd, tossing the ball aimlessly about, they have anything but an organized appearance. Then suddenly there comes a whistle from the referee, and in an instant they have taken their places, and vigor and life are in every movement. The large and the small men seem to fit into their positions, and the sudden change to order and system "looks like business." On the field itself the new man is impatient to begin. The small clear space is surrounded by twenty thousand people, and yet he scarcely sees the enormous crowd, and the cheering has a far-away sound, if he notices it at all. He is naturally a little nervous, but it is a nervousness that makes him long to be in the midst of the scrimmage, to get his hand on that new ball lying in the middle of the field. Then, the moment the play begins, all the associations that habit has made a second nature to him come back, and every trace of nervousness disappears. The crowd, the cheering, the thought of everything but the play, are gone in a moment, and the long three-quarters of an hour begin.

Let those who know nothing of it say that the game is brutal. There is no time for brutality. Every instant is so valuable, every particle of strength is so needed, that if it entered a player's mind to fight for the sake of fighting, he could not find time to stop for it. Rough it is, and always will be, as any sport is where human beings come together; but there are many other things in life that are rough, and the lesson is not a bad one for the young man to learn.

He who has not played the game has missed one of the joys of school and college life. It is a great thing to be on the team, and to play against a hostile school or college; and no reward or prize is thought of, except the honor of being one of the men who helped to win the great game. And at Harvard, Yale, or Princeton, after a season of the hardest kind of work, after a two months' shaking up that is heroic in its proportions, carrying innumerable bruises and a tired body, the young Freshman and the older Senior are alike perfectly happy if they may be allowed to wear for the rest of their lives the little gold watch-charm in the form of a Rugby football, which is the sign manual of the football fraternity that they are of those who have won.

PEOPLE'S SINGING CLASSES.

MR. FRANK DAMROSCH, the eldest son of the late Dr. Leopold Damrosch and brother of Mr. Walter Damrosch, the musical conductor, is himself a musical director and teacher of singing. He has been for several years conducting singing classes where the pupils were taught to read and sing music on sight. He has noticed, he says, the delight that men and women took in these classes—a delight that made them forego many other pleasures usually thought to be livelier and more alluring. And these people were those who could afford whatever amusement pleased them best. They could go to the opera, they could go to the best concerts or to the theatres, or even afford to have the best singers and musicians come to them. Considering on this, Mr. Damrosch concluded that it would be a most excellent thing if the real people, the working-people, who could not afford to have music made for them, could be taught to make music for themselves. Of course there is a pretence in the public schools of teaching music and singing, but, except in very rare instances, it is nothing more than a pretence. The School Board provides a certain number of music-masters, and these visit the various schools at stated times. But there is no uniformity of method in the teaching, and, likely as not, if a pupil manage to learn anything from one teacher by one method, then in a little while that will have to be all unlearned, so that another method may be used. The result of all this is that music is not taught at all, though the pupils are drilled in singing a few songs, so that they can go through them passably well. Were the work in the public schools properly done, then Mr. Damrosch's movement would have to be made among those who have not even had the advantage of going to these schools. When Mr. Damrosch concluded that to teach the people to sing would be a good thing, he was puzzled as to how best to start the movement, and he really wished to start it a year ago, but did not see his way clear.

In this emergency he asked the co-operation of Mr. Paulding, a member of the University Settlement Society, who has taken up his residence on the east side of New York, in what is generally known as the tenement-house district. Mr. Edward King, another member of the society, was also called into consultation. These gentlemen entered most heartily into Mr. Damrosch's scheme, and by their advice a meeting was called in the rooms of the Working-women's Society in Clinton Place. Now at this meeting a plan was agreed upon. It was decided that there should be meetings of the singing class at Cooper Union every Sunday afternoon at four o'clock, and that the small fee of ten cents

---

*The *schinus* belongs to the natural order of *Anacardiaceæ*, native to South America, the leaves of which are filled with resinous fluid, which fills the air with a delicate aroma after rain.—TRANS.

for each lesson would be charged, so that the pupils would pay for the rent of the hall and the small incidental expenses of the meetings. A circular was issued by Mr. Damrosch, in which he said: "Recognizing the fact that music contributes more than any other art to brighten and beautify our lives, and that it is the art which can be practised by the greatest number of people, since nature has furnished nearly every person with a correct ear and a singing voice, I have decided to open a course of lessons in reading music and choral singing. It is my purpose to teach every one who desires to learn to read music from notes, and I hope ultimately to form from the members of these classes a grand people's chorus that shall be able to sing the greatest works of the greatest masters."

And so all persons having a singing voice and a musical ear, who were genuine working men and women, the former not under eighteen and the latter not under fifteen years old, were invited to make application to Mr. Edward King, who had consented to act as secretary. The circular also announced that the first lesson would be given on the Sunday afternoon of October 23d. Mr. Damrosch and his associates had expected that when the class got well under way it would number about five hundred. What was his surprise at the first meeting to find that there were twenty-five hundred present, and many more who could not get into the hall! And since the meeting, an account of it having appeared in the papers, Mr. King has been deluged with letters of application for membership. Mr. Damrosch is delighted that his idea should have met with such an appreciative reception; but the reception is also a little embarrassing, as he is likely to have at first more pupils than can be accommodated. However, the emergency will be met as well as possible. Until other arrangements can be made, there will be two singing classes at Cooper Union every Sunday afternoon, and later other meeting-places will be announced. Though all of these will be under Mr. Damrosch's direction, he will have to provide other instructors. Luckily this will not be difficult, for there are many musicians in town abundantly able to give the necessary instruction, and probably all of these would be glad to give their services free to assist such a praiseworthy movement. It has been decided, however, not to reduce the ten-cent fees, although it is likely that the sum received in this way will more than defray the expenses of the meetings. From the fund so raised, to each member who has attended all the lessons when the course is over, one dollar will be refunded. With any other surplus, classes will be started in those districts where the poverty of the people makes even so small a fee as ten cents, or even any fee, impossible. Those who joined the class at the first meeting came from all over town, from river to river and from the Battery to Harlem. And it was evident that they were working-people, too, the girls and women coming from the shops and factories, and the men likewise.

To a layman listening to the first lesson that Mr. Damrosch gave, it seemed pretty certain that the majority of the twenty-five hundred members had studied music before and knew the notes, but to Mr. Damrosch's experienced ear there were indications to the contrary. But he said that they were unquestionably very quick to learn and to take hold. The method he used and shall use is that of Mr. Holt, of Boston. Mr. Holt is the musical director for the public schools of the South Boston district. He uses in teaching music the Kindergarten system, by which what the notes signify is taught before the notes themselves are taught. Or, to speak more correctly, this knowledge is given contemporaneously, and the sign has a tangible meaning, and is not suffered to remain an abstraction. Mr. Damrosch began his course of lessons by explaining the first principles of music. Then on a large blackboard he drew diagrams of the old-fashioned staves, describing them as he went along. Striking a tuning-fork, he asked the class to sing a note that he had made and explained. They sang till the vaulted arches rang. Two and three notes were written in this manner, and the class sang them without hesitation. After practising awhile by this method, he wrote the scale and sang it himself. Then he asked the class to follow him. They went through the scale again and again without a break. The zeal and accuracy were most gratifying to the teacher, who was all smiles when he stepped to the front of the platform and said, "Well, this is the most intelligent class I have struck for a long time."

After some more exercises, Mr. Damrosch explained the mysteries of quavers and semiquavers, and the other signs that the unlearned know not of, and then he introduced a simple tune, with the words:

"Oh, how lonely is the evening,
When the bells are sweetly ringing—
Sweetly ringing—
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong!"

This he sang over several times and until the members of the class knew the words and the tune, and then they sang it. He then divided the class into three sections, and this simple little tune was sung as a round. It went without a hitch, and so ended the first lesson. Every one was delighted—teacher, pupils, and friends.

Jno. Gilmer Speed.

FORESHADOWINGS.

To-night, to-night, dear, as we said good-by,
I heard a something that was new and strange
In the old words, in every short reply;
And you were not unconscious of the change.
You did not seem to feel my hand grow cold
Within your clasp, nor press it as of old.

And I can feel a shadowy something there
Where only fondest trust was wont to be;
A something, yes, intangible as air,
Yet deeper than the globe-encircling sea.
I might have asked you, but it is too late
To change the workings of unerring Fate.

And yet sometime, so surely as the day
Gives place to night, so surely must I know
The truth and hear those things that you will say;
Yet, womanlike, I but postpone the blow.
I might have asked to-night and let it fall,
Yet was not brave enough to risk my all.

I know you will be gentle as you speak
The words that will efface my every claim;
Your lips will falter, and I think your cheek
Will pale at this last speaking of my name.
I know that you must feel some vague regret,
For all the past cannot be buried yet.

And oh, so often in the coming years
Old memories of the silent past will rise;
Some perfume will recall its joys and tears;
Old dreams will be reflected from the skies;
A careless word, a chord of some lost strain,
A smile, a glance, will call it back again.

Ay, when you look back through the golden mist
That always glorifies the long ago,
And see those summer days when sunbeams kissed
All earth and life to one resplendent glow,
This love will stand from all the rest apart,
Waking some long-stilled chord within your heart.

Eva MacDonagh Smith.

LOOK AT THE CLOCK!

See how regularly its pendulum swings to and fro. With kindred regularity do the bowels move when the habit of body is reformed by the thorough laxative and promoter of digestion and secretion, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The liver, too, always affected in constipation, resumes its activity when this medicine is used. Not less efficacious is it in malarial and kidney trouble, rheumatism and nervousness.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

FALSE ECONOMY

Is practised by people who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist sell it.—[*Adv.*]

Frederick Keppel & Co., Rare Engravings and Etchings, 20 East 16th Street, New York, and 24 Van Buren Street, Chicago. Descriptive Catalogue No. 9, of over 500 Modern Etchings, with 50 Illustrations, now ready, and forwarded by mail on receipt of ten cents in postage stamps.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.
[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

PHILLIPS' DIGESTIBLE COCOA,
unlike other cocoas or chocolates, is so prepared that it will not disturb digestion. All druggists.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c. —[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER.
Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

Angostura Bitters, endorsed by physicians and chemists for purity and wholesomeness.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Driving the Brain

at the expense of the Body. While we drive the brain we must build up the body. Exercise, pure air—foods that make healthy flesh—refreshing sleep—such are methods. When loss of flesh, strength and nerve become apparent your physician will doubtless tell you that the quickest builder of all three is

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil, which not only creates flesh of and in itself, but stimulates the appetite for other foods.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N Y. All druggists.

Laughter Lends a New Charm to Beauty

when it discloses a pretty set of teeth. Whiteness, when nature has supplied this element of loveliness, may be retained through life by using the fragrant

SOZODONT

This popular dentifrice is now a recognized essential of every toilet table. It is totally innoxious, CONTAINING NO ACID, and for preserving and CLEANSING THE TEETH, and retaining the normal condition of the gums, it has no rival.

More SOZODONT is annually sold than of all other dentifrices and tooth-washes combined. There must be a reason for this fact. SOZODONT has been many years before the world, and if it did not fulfil the promises made for it, it would long ago have fallen into oblivion. But the more it is used, the more it becomes in demand. Those who have tried it once, try it again, and then recommend its use to others.

Sold by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers.

Apollinaris

"*THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS.*"

"Its long-continued and world-wide use attests its merit."

NEW YORK MEDICAL JOURNAL,
February 13th, 1892.

"AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD,"

NEW YORK CENTRAL
& HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.

FOUR-TRACK TRUNK LINE.

Reaching by its through cars the most important commercial centers of the United States and Canada, and the greatest of America's Health and Pleasure resorts.

Direct Line to NIAGARA FALLS

by way of the historic Hudson River and through the beautiful Mohawk Valley.

All trains arrive at and depart from GRAND CENTRAL STATION, 4th Ave. and 42d St., New York, centre of Hotel and Residence section.

ONLY RAILROAD STATION IN NEW YORK.

SUPERIOR NUTRITION—THE LIFE—ORIGINAL—UNRIVALLED—WORLD RENOWNED
IMPERIAL GRANUM
THE GREAT MEDICINAL FOOD.
PURE SAFE
DELICIOUS, NOURISHING FOOD.
FOR INVALIDS, CONVALESCENTS, AND THE AGED.
FOR NURSING-MOTHERS, INFANTS - AND - CHILDREN.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. SHIPPING DEPOT, JOHN CARLE & SONS,—NEW YORK.

"BOKER'S BITTERS," THE OLDest and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, 78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
25 CTS. 25 CTS.
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's Invisible Tubular Ear Cushions. Whispers heard. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold only by F. Hiscox, 853 B'way, N.Y. Write for book of proofs FREE

THE INK used on this paper is manufactured by FREDK. H. LEVEY & CO., 59 Beekman Street, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED—The work is easy, pleasant, and adapted to both young and old of either sex. GEO. STINSON & CO., Box 1664, Portland, Maine.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Dr. THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Ruszti asszú.
Ménesi asszú.

The Most Effective Tonics.

DELICIOUS, GUARANTEED PURE HUNGARIAN MEDICINAL WINES.

Highly recommended by all medical authorities of America and Europe.

SAMUEL LENCK, Oedenburg, Hungary.
(*Established* 1792.)

For Sale at all leading Grocers', Druggists', and Wine Merchants'.

General Depot for New York,
Hossfeld & Wierl, 39 Broad Street, N. Y.

H. C. CURTIS & CO'S
Nekoda
TRADE MARK
25¢
THIS STYLE FOR SUMMER WEAR
FACTORY TROY N.Y.

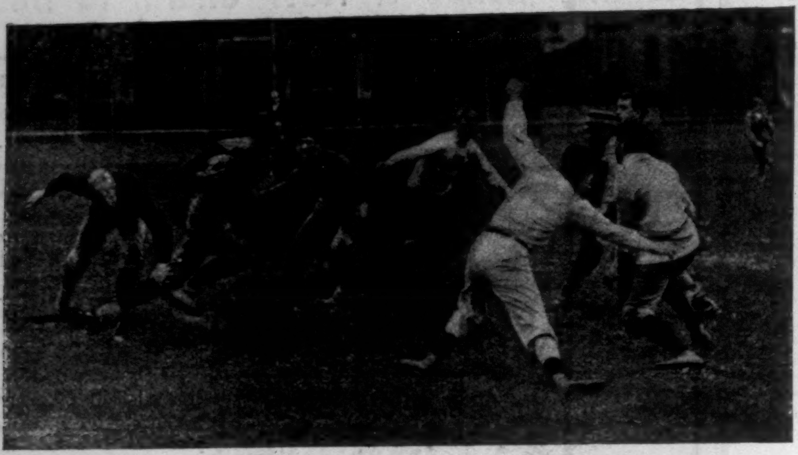
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY.

LATEST ISSUES:

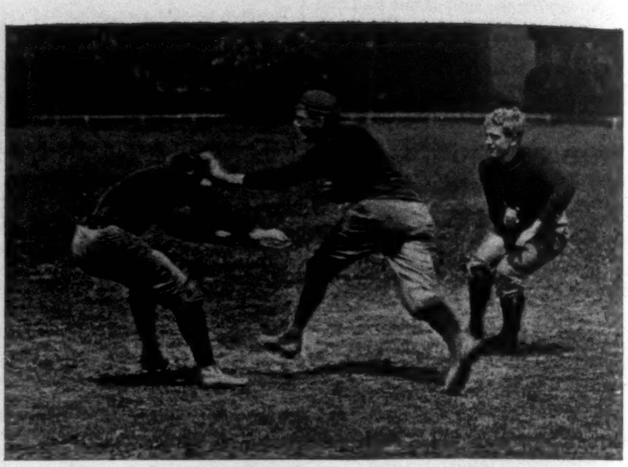
NO.
727. An Exquisite Fool. A Novel. 50 cents.
726. The Quality of Mercy. A Novel. By W. D. Howells. 75 cents.
725. Charming to Her Latest Day. A Novel. By Alan Muir. 50 cents.
724. A Man's Conscience. A Novel. By Avery Macalpine. Illustrated. 50 cents.
723. Verbena Camellia Stephanotis, &c. By Walter Besant. 50 cents.
722. A Transplanted Rose. By Mrs. John Sherwood. 50 cents.
721. A Charge for France, &c. By John Heard, Jun. Two Illustrations. 50 cents.
720. The Blacksmith of Voe. By Paul Cushing. 50 cents.
719. The Jonah of Lucky Valley, &c. By Howard Seely. Illustrated. 50 cents.
718. A New Saint's Tragedy. A Novel. By Thomas A. Pinkerton. 50 cents.
717. Ruling the Planets. A Novel. By Mina E. Burton. 50 cents.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

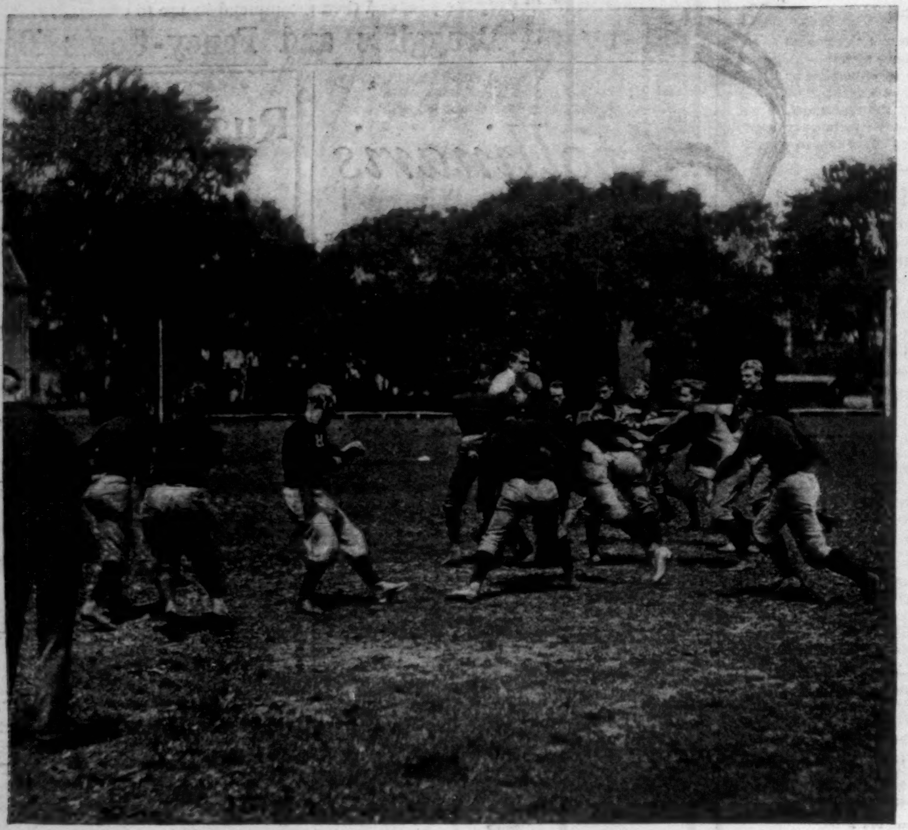
☞ *The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by the publishers, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of the price.*



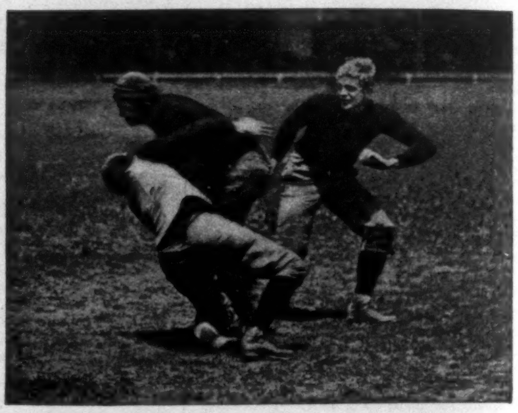
GOING INTO A "POCKET"—"EVERYBODY TACKLE LOW!"



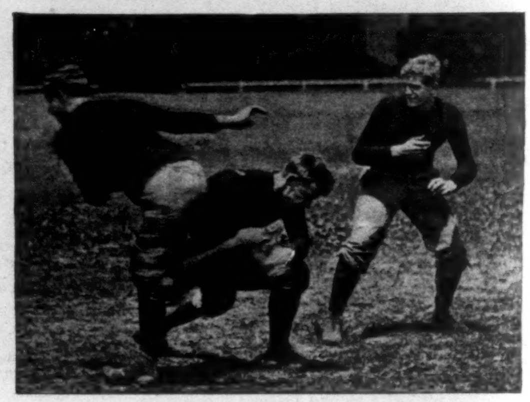
THE "STRAIGHT ARM."



THROUGH THE CENTRE—"EVERYBODY PUSH!"

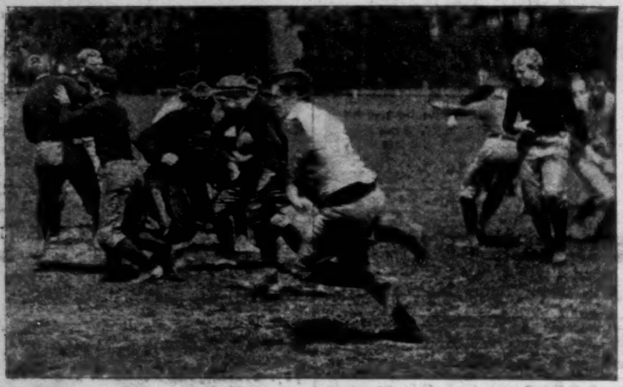


THE "STRAIGHT ARM" BROKEN.

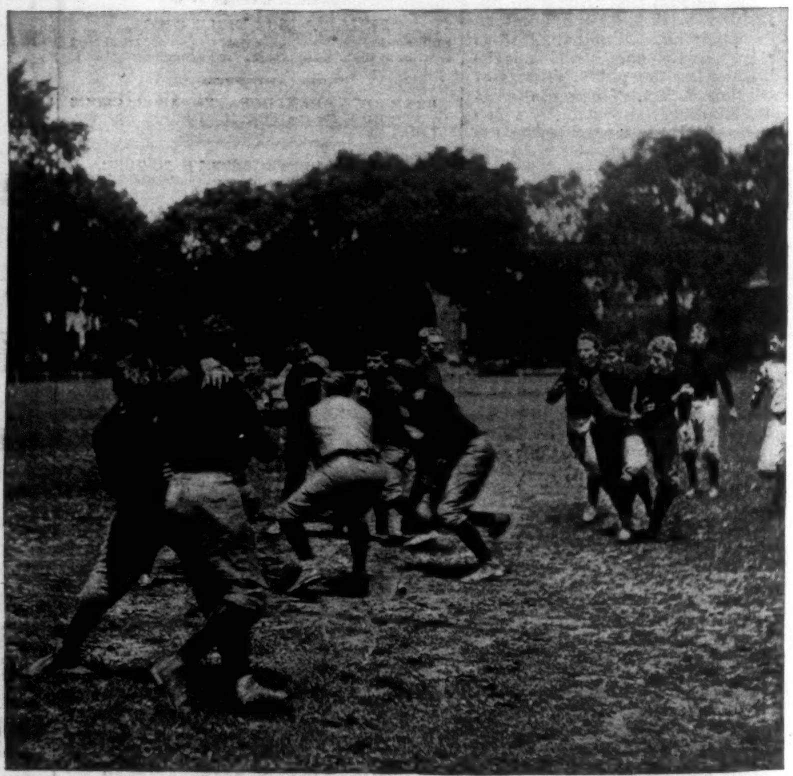


TACKLING—"TOO LOW!"

FALLING ON THE BALL—"WHOSE BALL?"



RUNNING AROUND THE END.



BLOCKING OFF—MAKING A HOLE IN THE RUSH LINE.

FOOTBALL TACTICS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 1074.]

ON SOME FORGOTTEN POEMS.

DEAD rhymes are here that no man comes to read;
Dead as the flowers that robed the maiden spring
To wed with summer, when the streams were freed,
And all the birds began to nest and sing.

If some one plucked the flowers and laid them by
Between the prim white pages that I hold,
The crushed and faded leaves would dim the eye,
And leave the yearning heart uncheered and cold.

But sweeter flowers of rhyme, amid the gloom
And silent dust of all the silent shelves,
You keep your glory and your primal bloom,
And live, if not for others, for yourselves.

And when I chance to open wide the page,
Behold, your beauty breaks upon the earth;
And all the splendor of a buried age
Is born again with glad immortal birth.

And, happy, I may hear the master-hand
Sweep down the lyre and wake each vibrant chord,
That swells with glory of a sweeter land,
Where life was hope, and love alone was lord.

So let the cover close, the page grow gray
Amid the dust where no eye comes to see;
My heart alone the song shall hold and sway—
The poet's dream shall wake a world for me.

W. J. HENDERSON.

"SPORT" ON LONG ISLAND.

DESCRIBING the recent accident by which Mr. Cottenet lost his life in a run of the Meadowbrook Hunt, a contemporary newspaper writer observed that the unlucky horseman, failing to notice the wire that ran along the top of the fence, omitted to raise his horse over it, and got his fatal fall in consequence. By what process Mr. Cottenet would have raised his horse over the wire if he had seen it in time this writer did not set forth; and that is a pity, for if the process was known, it would supply the long-sought solution of the problem how to lift one's self from the floor by pulling at one's boot straps. If the horse had seen the wire in time to make an extra effort, that might have been a different matter.

Possibly it was this same writer who, telling more recently of the gradual growth of an adventurous spirit among the members of the Meadowbrook Hunt, described the moderation with which the members started out, and says: "But after a few years the spirit of the true sportsman, who is regardless of danger and scoffs at anything that is tame, was developed. The riders began to complain at the comparative gentleness of the hunting. Jumping four-barred fences and ordinary brooks and ditches was sneeringly referred to as parlor-work. The demand for something more stirring became general, and the leading spirits of the club took measures to secure it."

It was secured, it seems, by getting faster hounds and edging over into a rougher country, where the fences were higher and stronger, and where a satisfactory number of accidents could be scored after every meet.

But was it "the spirit of the true sportsman" that brought this development about? We think not. Certainly not if the sport cultivated by the Meadowbrook Hunt is to be called even imitation "fox-hunting." The sport of fox-hunting consists in taking out a pack of hounds to hunt a fox, and following them on horseback with the least risk and inconvenience that is consistent with keeping up with the pack. Where there are no wild foxes, sportsmanlike drag-hunting consists in laying as nearly as possible such a course as a clever fox would take to baffle his pursuers and get away. Where the sport is fox-hunting, or even a reasonably good imitation of it, there is nothing sportsmanlike in breaking one's neck, or even in putting it in unnecessary peril. The true sportsman's rule for jumping when he gets after a fox is, "anything you must, nothing that you can help." Where a drag is laid pretty straight across a dangerous country, and a field of riders simply compete in getting across it quickest, it is perfectly true, as a conservative Meadowbrook man is quoted as saying, that that is not fox-hunting, or even reasonable drag-hunting, but steeple-chasing. If men like that sort of cross-country riding, very well. It may be a legitimate sport enough for persons who have horses and necks to spare for it, but it isn't fox-hunting or any other kind of hunting, and to call it so is to libel a salutary and agreeable sport, which meets a want among American diversions, and is under successful cultivation in places where the natural conditions make it possible. The effect of such a libel on hunting as the Meadowbrook Club is apparently responsible for is to make all fox-hunting a nightmare to the female relations of sincere sportsmen everywhere, and to drive possible fox-hunters to the cultivation of the swift and docile bicycle.

It is a great pity that where such excellent fox-hunter material abounds as it does on Long Island, the natural conditions should be so adverse. Whether any remedy is possible is a question, but certainly it will strike the average man that the Meadowbrook men would do better to accept their hard fate and bear it than to try to make up for the absence of foxes in their neighborhood by hunting one another. Since at present they seem to go out for glory rather than fun, perhaps moderation would come easier for them if it was more generally understood how large a share of the glory of cross-country steeple-chasing belongs to the horse and how comparatively little to the man. The notion that an expert rider can accomplish such feats as lifting his horse over a high fence by the bit is so generally prevalent that successful cross-country riding is apt to get rather more plaudits than it honestly earns. Good horsemanship is a definite accomplishment, and goes a long way, but it cannot take a horse over a five-barred gate unless there is that much jump in the horse. The faculty of owning horses that can do that kind of thing is an accomplishment in itself, but usually it is the art of one who has learned how to spare large sums of money. A man can go to China if he can afford to buy the requisite tickets, and (if he is not too heavy or too timid and has educated hands and legs) he can go over five-barred gates provided he can buy the requisite horse. But it is the horse rather than the man who does the effectual work.

All fox-hunting must have more or less horse in it, but it is the misfortune and blemish of such hunting as is contemporaneously done from Meadowbrook that the proportion of "horse" in it tends to increase with a corresponding diminution of the element of "sport"; and since the stiffer the drags the more exclusively engrossing the horse element becomes, the increase in the hazards of the Meadowbrook runs did not really mark the development of "the spirit of the true sportsman," but quite the reverse. In admiration of Meadowbrook grit and perseverance, we wish the club a better hunting country, or, in default of that, some wild foxes in the country they have got, and a wiser, less hazardous, and more truly sportsmanlike cultivation of its opportunities.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE lordliest at Arthur's Table Round,
No loftier than thou,
The Laureate, with England's glory crowned,
Whom Death has knighted now.

JOHN B. TABB.

PERSONAL.

ONE noteworthy feature of the recent general convention of Episcopalians at Baltimore was that most of the bishops present possessed the size and stature that usually characterize members of the episcopate. This fact recalled to one of the delegates the story of the embarrassing position in which an English lecturer once found himself. He was discussing, before a Yorkshire audience, on American characteristics, and dilated on the small physique of Americans. It happened that Bishop PHILLIPS BROOKS, Mr. ROBINSON, of Boston, and Rev. Dr. MCVICKER, of Philadelphia, were present, and each of these gentlemen rose and exhibited himself as an American whose stature did not excite remark among his countrymen. As the shortest of them, Mr. ROBINSON, was six feet tall, and Dr. MCVICKER nearly half a foot taller, this visible proof of the inaccuracy of his remarks disconcerted the speaker, and he left the platform in confusion.

—One of the souvenirs Mrs. JAMES BROWN POTTER brought back from her Oriental tour is a sword which was presented to her, dripping with blood, at Canton. It was used by the Chinese executioner, during Mrs. POTTER's stay in Canton, to cut off the heads of nineteen pirates, and though the actress refused a pressing invitation to witness the act of execution, she accepted the weapon as a rare trophy of Mandarin methods of justice. It hangs above her mantel now in company with an Australian boomerang and a Turkish scimitar.

—Madame MODJESKA is the daughter of a Polish mountaineer who was better educated than his companions, and loved music. At sixteen she was married to the man whose name, though she has since been widowed and married again, she still bears before the public. The early maturing of her talent is indicated by the fact that when only fourteen she wrote a drama, and acted the leading part in it. Such was the beginning of her remarkable career, but more remarkable even than her stage success is her faculty for keeping young in looks as well as spirit. The secret of it all, Madame MODJESKA says, is that she takes a hot bath before going to bed every night, secures plenty of sleep, and does not eat too much. But her additional confession, that she drinks a great deal of tea and smokes cigarettes occasionally, makes the secret as mystifying as before it was revealed.

—One of the promising young men of Missouri is JESSE JAMES, Jun., the son of the notorious train robber, the most celebrated of American bandits. He lives with his mother in Kansas City, and is a manly youth of seventeen, whose life is as correct as a Sunday-school boy's. He was given an education in the public schools, and has for some time been an employé of a local packing-house.

—Tammany's nominee for the important place of President of the Board of Aldermen of New York is one of the youngest members of that political organization—GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, son of the famous commander of the Army of the Potomac. Colonel MCCLELLAN—he takes his title from the fact that he was one of Governor HILL's staff—is twenty-seven years old, and a prominent figure in the club and society life of New York. He was graduated from Princeton in the class of 1886, was for a time a newspaper reporter, studied law, and since 1889 has been treasurer of the Brooklyn Bridge. He looks a great deal like his father, for he is short and rather thick-set, and otherwise resembles the "Little Mac" who was the idol of thousands of soldiers.

—The show-piece of the little village of Caldwell, on the hills back of Montclair, in New Jersey, is the large and roomy old house which is pointed out as the birthplace of GROVER CLEVELAND. It stands in the heart of the town, a short distance back from the Bloomfield post-road, and is filled nowadays with summer boarders. It is a residence of so much pretension to comfort and importance, with its spacious rooms, its long porch, and well-kept lawn, that the visitor is somewhat sceptical of its being the place where the son of the Rev. RICHARD F. CLEVELAND first saw the light of day. That interesting event occurred March 18, 1837, three years after the future President's father had begun to preach in the Presbyterian church at Caldwell.

—A story recently current in the newspapers told of the tender-hearted treatment given by EMMA GOLDMAN, the New York anarchist, to a tormented cat. It is no less curious to learn that when LOUISE MICHEL, one of the most violent of Paris communists, was a girl, she exhibited excessive compassion for ill-treated animals. She made her home a refuge and asylum for cats, dogs, and other domestic pets that had been abused by her neighbors, and showed herself disinclined to eat meat because of the painful death undergone by cows and sheep in the slaughter-houses. LOUISE MICHEL is now fifty-three years old, and physically a wreck of her former self. Her health is bad, her strength gone, and her good looks departed, but she is as vigorous and earnest in mind as when she started out to kill NAPOLEON as he left Paris for Sedan.

—FRANK D. MILLET, who is equally facile with crayon and pen, with each of which he has now almost equal fame, is between forty-five and fifty years of age. He began his career of remarkable activity and variety as a Union soldier at the age of fifteen. In the war between Russia and Turkey, which he saw from beginning to end as a newspaper correspondent, he was five times decorated for personal bravery, twice on the battle-field. He has been almost as much of a traveller, though in more frequented paths, as PAUL B. DU CHAILLU, and the range of his talent in art extends from the illustration of magazine articles to the designing of costumes for a Greek play, much of the success of the performance of the *Œdipus* at Harvard, a dozen years ago, having been attributed to his taste. Mr. MILLET looks younger than his years. He is a man of singular modesty, and of engaging youthful enthusiasm.

—The Czar's physical strength, like his gigantic stature, is greater than that of any other European monarch. He is especially fond of boxing, at which he is very skilful, but he finds it difficult to induce any member of the court circle to stand up before his sledge-hammer pounding. The possibility of offending his Imperial Majesty by returning his heavy blows with interest prevents those who might do so from accepting his challenges, and others are probably mindful of the fate of the young aide-de-camp whom the Czar knocked down and killed with his fists because he suspected the youth of murderous designs.

—One of the penalties of the poet WHITTIER's fame was that people persisted in naming towns and streets and children after him despite his gentle protest. When, some years ago, the poet received word from a friend in Virginia, a lady, that she had named a street in a new town for him, and had set aside a plot of ground for his use, he replied that during the same week three streets or villages had been given his name, and each had been accompanied by a gift of town lots. "If this sort of thing goes on much longer," added the poet, "I shall be land poor."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Arnold
Constable & Co

MEN'S WOOLLENS.
Meltons, Kerseys, and English Box Cloths.
CHEVIOT SUITINGS, CASSIMERES.
Black, Blue, and Colored Worsteds.
OVERCOATINGS.
ELYSIANS, BEAVERS,
Irish Friezes, Ribbed Cheviots, Whip and Bedford Cords.
LADIES' CLOTHS.
New and Fancy Shades for Autumn Wear.

Broadway & 19th st.
NEW YORK CITY.

George William Curtis.

Our picture is the latest and best portrait of him in existence, greatly admired by all who have seen it, and pronounced not only an excellent likeness, but also a work of art.

Mr. C. himself wrote in one of his letters: "My wife likes the one marked 1905B more than any ever made of me, and that is the highest possible praise."

Imperial size, 14x17, $3.00; Cabinet size, 50 cents.
F. GUTEKUNST, 712 ARCH ST., PHILA.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Dr. THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

THE DORÉ GALLERY.
ENTIRE COLLECTION FROM LONDON.
The Rendezvous of the Elite of New York.
THE CHURCH, LITERATURE AND ART,
THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.
Thousands of deeply impressed visitors.
Open week days, 10 to 10. Admission, 50 cents.
THURSDAYS, 10 to 6.
CARNEGIE MUSIC HALL, 57th St., and 7th Ave.

PLAYS Dialogues, Speakers, for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Publisher, Chicago.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
The Celebrated
CHOCOLAT
MENIER
Annual Sales Exceed 33 MILLION Lbs.
Write for Samples. Sent Free. Menier, Union Sq., N. Y.

Priceless Songs: ★

Next to their popular Franklin Square Library, the Harper & Brothers, New York, have done no better service for the people in many a day than the publication of the Franklin Square Song Collection. Here are collated the priceless songs of childhood, youth, maturity, and old age, whose strains have woven themselves into the warp and woof of our common life and become a very part of our better selves. Those unforgotten school songs, those grand old hymns of the church, those inspiring lays of the fireside and the playhouse, and the immortal folk-songs—all are here, and at sight of them, as one turns the leaves, they bring old memories thronging back.—*Chicago Interior.*

Send to the Publishers for contents of the Several Numbers, with Specimen Pages of favorite Songs for School and Home. Pamphlet sent without cost.

SYRUP of FIGS·

ONE ENJOYS both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers, and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects. Prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all, and have made it the most popular remedy known. Syrup of Figs is for sale in **50c.** and **$1** bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute. Manufactured only by the

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.,
San Francisco, Louisville, New York.

FOR THROAT AND LUNG

complaints,
the best remedy is

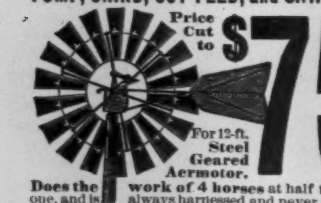
AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

In colds,
bronchitis, la grippe,
and croup, it is

Prompt to Act
sure to cure.

GALVANIZED

GEARED AERMOTOR
Re-designed and much improved, furnishes power to
PUMP, GRIND, CUT FEED, and SAW WOOD.



Price Cut to **$75** For 12-ft. Steel Geared Aermotor.

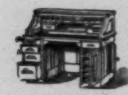
Does the work of 4 horses at half the cost of one, and is always harnessed and never gets tired. With our Steel Stub Tower it is easy to put on barn. Send for elaborate designs for putting power in barn.

AERMOTOR CO. 12th & Rockwell Sts., Chicago, & 29 Beale St., San Francisco.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

For the Skin, Scalp and Complexion. The result of 20 years' experience. For sale at Druggists or sent by mail, 50c. A Sample Cake and 128 page Book on Dermatology and Beauty, Illustrated; on Skin, Scalp, Nervous and Blood Diseases and their treatment, sent sealed on receipt of **10c.**; also Disfigurements like Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, India Ink and Powder Marks, Scars, Pittings, Redness of Nose, Superfluous Hair, Pimples, &c., removed.

JOHN H. WOODBURY, DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE,
125 West 42nd Street, New York City.
Consultation free, at office or by letter. Open 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.



$22. FIRST CLASS CURTAIN DESK Four and a Half feet long. Unlimited variety in stock and to order.
American Desk & Seating Co.
270-272 Wabash Av., CHICAGO, U.S.A.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE..........	*Postage Free,*	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY............	"	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR..............	"	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE...	"	2 00

Booksellers and Postmasters usually receive subscriptions. Subscriptions sent direct to the publishers should be accompanied by Post-office Money Order or Draft.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N.Y.

KODAK

The Junior
· · **Kodaks**

can be used *as hand or tripod cameras with either roll film or glass plates. Fitted with focusing index and register for exposures. Best Lens; best finish.*

$40 and $50.

Eastman Kodak Co.,
Rochester, N. Y.

KODAK

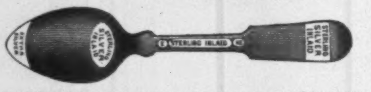
VOSE & SONS PIANOS. ESTABLISHED IN 1851

CELEBRATED FOR THEIR
Pure Tone, Elegant Designs, Superior Workmanship, and Great Durability.
SOLD ON EASY TERMS.

Old instruments taken in exchange. Write for catalogue and full information.

170 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

HOLMES & EDWARDS
are the only manufacturers of
STERLING SILVER INLAID SPOONS and FORKS.



SOLID SILVER inlaid at points exposed to wear.
They are not to be confounded with Sectional Plate or any other brand of Spoons and Forks.
They are guaranteed to show no worn spots for 25 years.
Each article is stamped on back,

E STERLING INLAID H.E.

If you cannot obtain them of your Jeweler, send to us for catalogue.
THE HOLMES & EDWARDS SILVER CO.,
Bridgeport, Conn.

FISCHER PIANOS. ESTD 1840.

Grand, Upright and Square.
Moderate Prices.
TO RENT, INSTALMENTS, AND EXCHANGED.
5th Ave., cor. 16th St., N.Y.

A CENT SENT BENT.

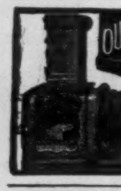
Manufacturer of
"CROWN"
PIANOS AND ORGANS.

WELL SPENT, is a cent sent to Bent, (your address, on postal) if you wish a Piano or Organ I want verses about the **"Crown"** goods, and give Pianos, Organs, etc., for the best ones. Ask and learn how it's done. Catalogue free.
GEO. P. BENT, (Clerk No. 8), Chicago, Ill. (Estab. 1870).

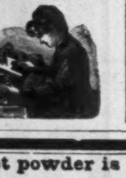
WASHBURN

Guitars, Mandolins & Zithers in volume and quality of tone are the BEST IN THE WORLD. Warranted to wear in any climate. Sold by all leading dealers. Beautifully illustrated souvenir catalogue with portraits of famous artists **will be Mailed FREE.**

LYON & HEALY, CHICAGO.



OUR MAGIC LANTERNS
WITH OIL LAMPS HAVE NO EQUAL
VIEWS OF ALL SUBJECTS
LOWEST PRICES GUARANTEED
SEND FOR CATALOGUE
L. MANASSE
88 MADISON ST CHICAGO ILL



IMPROVED HALL TYPEWRITER.
The best and most simple machine made. Interchangeable Type into all languages. Durable, easiest running, rapid as any. Endorsed by the Clergy and literary people. Send for Illustrated Catalogue. Agents wanted. Address N. Typewriter Co., 611 Wash. St., Boston, Mass.

Financial.

Letters of Credit.

Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and West Indies. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made.

Brown Brothers & Co.,
BANKERS, No. 59 WALL STREET.

---

8 AND 10% WARRANTS OF OREGON AND WASHINGTON

our specialty. **SAFE AS BONDS** (and pay nearly twice as much) if properly issued.

We attend to that personally and buy only after critical legal examination.

Washington Improvement Co. Investment Bankers, FAIRHAVEN, WASH.
Eastern Office, 31 Equitable Building, BOSTON.

OREGON

THE BEST FIELD FOR INVESTMENT In the United States.

"Present growth of **Portland** is ahead of any city in the United States in proportion to its size. Wholesale trade, 1891, $138,127,000; Banking Capital, $15,846,363.00, Buildings now under construction, $3,364,000.00. We have a plan for the employment of capital in best investments in Oregon, in large and small amounts, cash or monthly installments of $25 and upwards, **absolutely safe and remarkably profitable.** Send for full information and Bankers' references. **Eugene D. White & Co., Portland, Or.**

GUARANTEED!

FIRST MORTGAGE LOANS Bearing Liberal Interest

We guarantee both principal and interest. Loans made on productive real estate yearly increasing in value on a conservative basis, and only after personal examination by us. Interest payable in New York Exchange. We invite correspondence. Very highest references.

PUGET SOUND LOAN, TRUST & BANKING CO.
(Paid Up Capital, $125.000.) **New Whatcom, Wash.**

10% NET FIRST MORTGAGE LOANS Absolutely secure. Interest payable semi-annually by draft on New York. **Personal attention given to all loans.** Highest references. Address FRANK J. HAMILTON, **Fairhaven, Wash.**

9% **FIRST MORTGAGE LOANS!** Security perfect. Personal attention given. Highest references. L. C. CROSSMAN, Salt Lake City, Utah. **10%**

A Beautiful New Monthly. MUSIC.

By subscription, $1.50 per year; all bright, popular, and copyright Classical and Standard Melodies.

"OUR MONTHLY MUSICAL GEM,"

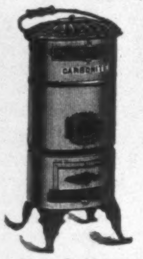
The Handsomest Musical Monthly ever issued in America. Contains 8 compositions (all copyright); 4 instrumental and 4 vocal, with piano accompaniments. 32 pages of music, with engraved titled cover, lithographed in colors and embellished with crayon likeness of Adelina Patti in vignette. Enclose 15 cents for a specimen copy.

Liberal terms to Agents. Address

BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK,
Publisher, 385 6th Ave., New York.

Avoid Damp and Chilly Rooms.

"CARBONITE" COAL.



CLEAN, NOT EXPLOSIVE.
NO SMOKE. NO SMELL.
NO GAS.
Burns Anywhere
WITHOUT CHIMNEY,
BUT BEST IN OUR
PORTABLE HEATERS,
KITCHEN, LAUNDRY
STOVES, FOOT AND
CARRIAGE WARMERS.
SOLD BY THE
Housefurnishing, Stove and Plumbing Trade.
SEND FOR LEAFLET.
AMERICAN SAFETY FUEL CO.,
67 CORTLANDT STREET, N. Y.

ARTISTS WHO GET RICH

often give good advice. Artists who use the Air Brush are getting rich, and recommend it very strongly. It is distinctively an art tool, and saves time and labor, and increases the excellence of the work. Write for illustrated catalogue. It will interest you.

AIR BRUSH MFG. CO.,
68 Nassau St., Rockford, Ill., U. S. A.

MARLIN Made in all styles and sizes. Lightest, strongest, easiest-working, safest, simplest, most accurate, most compact, and most modern.

Model 1891 in .32 cal. uses the regular short and long rim and centre-fire cartridges in the same rifle. Saves 60 per cent. on cost of ammunition over any other 32-calibre repeater made. **RIFLES**

Catalogues Mailed Free. **The Marlin Fire-Arms Co.** NEW HAVEN, CONN.

DOUBLE Breech-Loader **$7.50.** RIFLES $2.00 WATCHES **GUNS** **BICYCLES $15** All kinds cheaper than elsewhere. Before you buy, send stamp for catalogue to THE POWELL & CLEMENT CO. 166 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT ELECTRICITY.

Just the book for students and beginners in the study of Electricity. Handsomely illustrated and bound in cloth. Price **50c.,** post-paid. BUBIER PUB. CO., LYNN, MASS.

The most perfect toilet powder is

LA VELOUTINE FAY

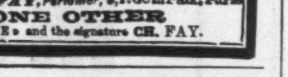
Special Poudre de Riz

Prepared with bismuth by **CH. FAY,** *Parfumer,* 9, r. de la Paix, Paris

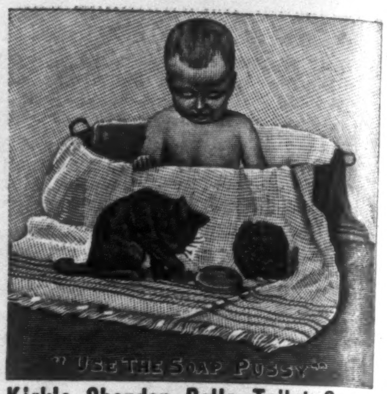
USE NONE OTHER

Caution. — None Genuine but those bearing the word « FRANCE » and the signature CH. FAY.

ESTERBROOK'S PENS



26 JOHN ST., N. Y. **THE BEST MADE.**



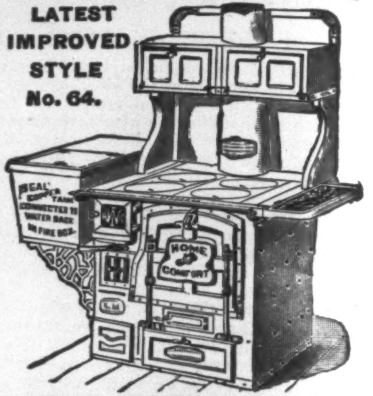
Kirk's Shandon Bells Toilet Soap,
LEAVES A DELICATE AND LASTING ODOR.
An Ideal Complexion Soap.

For sale by all Drug and Fancy Goods Dealers or if unable to procure this **Wonderful Soap** send **25** cents in stamps and receive a cake by return mail.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago

HOME COMFORT

LATEST IMPROVED STYLE No. 64.



SEAL COPPER TANK CONNECTED TO WATER BACK IN FIRE BOX.
HOME COMFORT

STEEL FAMILY RANGE.

Made almost WHOLLY of MALLEABLE IRON and WROUGHT STEEL.

OVER 230,000 NOW IN ACTUAL USE.

This Range is SOLD ONLY BY OUR TRAVELING SALESMAN from our own wagons throughout the country.

WROUGHT IRON RANGE CO.,
Sole Manufacturers. ST. LOUIS, MO.
Established 1864. Paid up Capital $500,000.
Write for Cook Book—issued free.

JAROS HYGIENIC UNDERWEAR

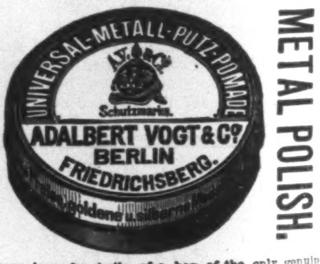
JAROS HYGIENIC WEAR

FOR
MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN.
NON-SHRINKABLE—NON-IRRITATING.
A PROTECTOR AGAINST
COLD AS WELL AS HEAT.
Mrs. PEARY, the first AMERICAN WOMAN at the
NORTH POLE,
and the entire Arctic Expedition under Lieut. PEARY, U. S. N., is provided with this WEAR.

Dr. M. E. Jones, to **INDIA**; Rev. Sam'l Jessup, to **SYRIA**, wear these goods in the **TROPICS.**

SOLD ON ITS MERITS.
Endorsed by PHYSICIANS. Elaborate Catalogue FREE.
MENTION THIS PUBLICATION.
JAROS HYGIENIC UNDERWEAR CO., 831 Broadway, N. Y.

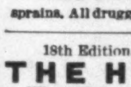
METAL POLISH.



METAL POLISH.

The above is a fac-simile of a box of the only genuine HELMET brand POLISHING PASTE. Refuse as worthless imitations, boxes with other helmets or without our name. For sale everywhere, or send three two cent stamps for large sample box, by mail, to the sole agents for United States, Canada and Mexico. **Adolf Gohring & Co., 180 Pearl St., N.Y.**

BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS FOR THE HAIR AND SKIN.



An elegant dressing. Prevents baldness, gray hair, and dandruff. Makes the hair grow thick and soft. Cures eruptions and diseases of the skin. Heals cuts, burns, bruises and sprains. All druggists or by mail 50 cts. 44 Stone St. N.Y.

18th Edition, postpaid for 25c. (or stamps).

THE HUMAN HAIR,

Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy
By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S.
A. N. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Philada., Pa.
"Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum*

HIGH FIVE OR EUCHRE PARTIES should send at once to JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. T. A. C., R. I. & P. R. R., Chicago. TEN CENTS, in stamps, per pack for the slickest cards you ever shuffled. For $1.00 you will receive free by express ten packs.

If afflicted with sore eyes use **Dr. THOMPSON'S EYE WATER**

AMATEUR SPORT

Princeton's score of 60-0 against Wesleyan in the first championship game on Saturday does not disguise the fact that the playing of the former was, generally speaking, decidedly ragged. Some improvement has been made in the interference, but it is not yet good enough to get round Yale's weaker end. There were two runs on Saturday, notably one by Barnett and one by Poe, when the interferers attended strictly to business, blocking off Wesleyan's pursuing tacklers and turning the runner in for good gains. The majority of these attempts were weak, the interferers scampering down the field with never an idea of blocking off the opposing tackler. Consequently Wesleyan got in on the man with the ball from all sides. Princeton is so far ahead in this respect of her last year's work that the remaining three weeks before the Thanksgiving-day game should bring good results. The crying fault, however, to-day, is that the men in her line do not know enough football; they are strong enough and active enough, but too prone to believe their football education complete with these qualities. They are apt to be drawn in or out, as the case may be, by an experienced vis-à-vis. Between now and the 24th the Princeton coachers must get those forwards together, or Yale will make great holes in that rush line. To-day her defensive is such that hard snappy pounding on the line would demoralize it, as was the case in the second half of the game last year.

Yale will find the weak spot and keep hammering at it, and it behooves Princeton, therefore, to perfect, above all things else just now, her defensive game. In breaking through, the men are all pretty clever, and it will take the most skilful blocking to keep them off the runner, but in their turn they don't block hard and long enough in the line, or bowl over their man on the interference. The ball is rarely passed back to Homans for a punt that one or more of the other side do not break through and get altogether too near him for safety. If this is the case against teams like Lehigh and Wesleyan, how much more likely is the result to be disastrous against Yale! And if Yale does get through, Homans must be better guarded by the backs, or he will be downed. In this respect the work of Princeton behind the line is very poor. If Morse does no better than he did in the Wesleyan game, the team will be strengthened by putting Poe back there, and taking on Barnett as the companion half with King. Morse got the ball no quicker on Saturday, and contented himself with *handing* it to the back; as he is inferior to Poe in running and tackling, unless he shows infinitely quicker work in passing the ball, he must prove a fifth wheel.

The time saved in getting the ball to the runner from the instant it is snap-backed is of incalculable value. As Princeton has a better centre this season than any other team save the University of Pennsylvania, she should be particularly strong in this respect, instead of weak. Both the Harvard and Princeton quarter backs should watch McCormick of Yale play, and get a few pointers on how much aid may be given the runner.

At least three men in Princeton's line will not be found wanting on the 24th—Balliet, Wheeler, and Lea. The first has been too skilful for any centre he has met thus far, and the game with the U. of P. will put him in prime condition for Yale. He should more than hold his own against Stillman. Wheeler, when he plays his best game, will get through Sanford, though the Yale man blocks better, and is becoming a ground-gainer. Lea shows that he has more football in him than any man on the team, barring King and Poe; he has the right conception of the game, is in every play, and makes his presence felt. Just now he is pretty well bunged up. Hall is working into shape, and ought to be able by the 24th to hold his own. Holly gets through fast enough, but his blocking can be much improved.

Vincent has just begun playing again; his ankle is not entirely well, and his game shows the effects of his idleness; it lacks snap. Trenchard on the other end is an earnest hard worker; he follows well and tackles low, but he is altogether too easily blocked off. Both Princeton's ends need especial coaching in this particular, for when the Yale interference machine is set in motion around one or the other of the ends, it will take very clever work to get in on the man with the ball.

The fumbling of the ball was a very sorry exhibition, and if Princeton does not handle punts better than she did on Saturday, Butterworth will have an easy time of it. Homans badly judged a couple of balls the Wesleyan full back sent him, and fumbled at times when it would have been very disastrous against Yale; on the other hand, he made several of the most brilliant runs of the day. His punting was not so much of the low and long variety as it should be, and Gordon was quite a match for him in that respect. Princeton really has the making of a very strong team, but there is much to be done yet, and not a day of the next three weeks to be lost. The tackling can be much improved on; it is low enough, but not hard enough.

Wesleyan missed the opportunity of its life on Saturday by not doing more punting in that first half, when Gordon had the wind in his favor and the Princeton backs were muffing the ball as often as it was driven at them. As it was, it put up a very strong game in that first half, and if Hall had been at tackle instead of laid off, I am inclined to believe the score would have been much less. In the second half, a streak of fumbling and a disabled captain had its effect on the men and their play. Their offensive game was very strong the first half, but they lack team-work on the defensive. Newton played a great game, several times getting through Princeton's line and downing the runner, and both Page and Singer put up good games. Behind the line Leo and Gordon were a strong pair, the former bucking the line for steady gains, and the latter punting over Homans's head. If Wesleyan goes on improving, she will keep U. of P. very busy when they meet on Thanksgiving day in Philadelphia, though the former's strength will probably not be seen until that day.

For the first time this season the strength of Harvard's eleven was tested in the Chicago Athletic Club game on the 26th, and it proved to be uncommonly strong in defensive work and weak on offensive play. Time and again the ball went to Harvard on four downs, but its advance into Chicago's territory, except on rare occasions, was out of all proportion to the stalwart defence of the home goal. Once or twice there were good gains, but more often the goal was made through the fumbling or loose playing of Chicago—certainly, two touch-downs resulted from flukes. In other words, Harvard did not earn her ground by good stiff team-play, and it looked as if, were her opponent any strong eleven—Yale, for instance—she would be able to advance the ball no better than at Springfield last year. Yet there were moments during the game when the men got into swing nicely for clean gains, and with continuous coaching and practice it seems as if they should naturally strengthen the weakness that largely, probably solely, accounted for their failure to score at Springfield in '91.

On the 26th there were many attempts at circling the end, but, with very few exceptions, they failed to connect. There were two reasons for this—the extreme slowness of the halves to get under way, and the inefficient work of the interferers; these, instead of protecting the runner by blocking off, loped ahead apparently with no well-defined idea as to just what they were there for, and the opposing men were able to pounce on the runner from all sides. In this way Harvard's interference was easily broken up, too easily to have it amount to anything against Yale. There was a great deal of running across the field, but not much dead ahead; it seemed impossible for the Harvard interferers to get their runner turned in and started for the enemy's goal. That sort of thing is fatal, and unless rectified will lose Harvard many yards on the 19th.

It looks just now as though the Harvard forwards would be able to give adequate protection to their backs, but big improvement must be made if it is hoped to score with them. Under presently existing circumstances, if Lake is unable to eventually play, his loss will be the greatest calamity that can befall the Harvard eleven. No candidate can fill his place, and the team needs his powerful line bucking badly. As matters are just now, Captain Trafford finds himself in considerable of a quandary how to arrange his men back of the line. He himself has gone to quarter, which will give him an excellent position from which to command and encourage the men, and where he can put his interference and tackling to good use. He is somewhat slow in getting the ball to the runners, and for that very reason, if he remains there, it seems as though it would be very wise to put Lewis back at centre. Lewis, I understand, weighs 178 pounds, and although that is not so heavy by ten or fifteen pounds as Stillman, yet the superior skill of the ex-Amherst man should be taken into consideration, especially now that Trafford has gone to quarter. Every second in getting a ball to the runner means a tremendous lot. Balliett of Princeton weighs only 170, and he seems to handle much heavier men, though it is true he is exceptionally strong. If there is a *great* difference in the centre play of Mackie and Lewis in favor of the latter, and he is strong enough to last, it would seem Harvard's best plan with a slow quarter to utilize the fastest snap back. Jack Fairchild is the fastest quarter Harvard has this year, but the arrangement necessitated by circumstance does not permit of his playing.

If Lake plays, unquestionably Brewer should be put at full back, for his punting excels that of any man on Jarvis Field to-day, and is harder for the opposing backs to handle. This arrangement would leave Lake and Corbett for the heavy rushing, with Brewer to relieve the pressure on the team when Trafford called on him for a long low twister. It looks as though Lee were preparing to play if necessary; he is a brilliant runner, but not so useful as either Lake or Corbett for bucking the line. It seems hazardous to leave Corbett as the last obstacle between a Yale half, who has circled the end, and a touch-down, unless he shows in the next two weeks a great improvement over his tackling of last year. He is a brilliant individual player, but has proved so uncertain at critical moments that a less brilliant but more steady player might be of greater service to the team. Gray is light and easily laid up, and not the man to stand the wear and tear of a hard game, but while he lasts he is a good one.

There is at least one man in the Harvard line who is coming out of the Springfield game with a reputation, and that is Waters. Unless all promise fails, he will play a strong game, and gain many a yard through the line when others fail. At the other guard Action has made much improvement in the last week. He was Heffelfinger's vis-à-vis in the Chicago game, and though the latter was not up to his old-time form, he was head and shoulders above any other player on the field to-day, and consequently good enough to test the Harvard man. Action showed up very well against him, and was particularly promising in that he followed the ball. Mackie, at centre, has much room for improvement; he is too slow, and he should follow the example of his two guards in getting into the plays. Mackie is not so good yet as Stillman, but Waters is stronger than Sanford, and Action about as good as any other guard Yale has. The centre of these lines should be evenly matched.

Lewis must put up a very strong game at tackle to have the preference over Upton, and Newall on the other side will have no superior in either Winters or Wallis. What Hallowell will do with Hinkey this year remains to be seen; they are very evenly matched, and Emmons ought to be too much for any other end rush Yale has.

Harvard will certainly be very strong in the line, and when all that muscle and beef is massed for a wedge, it will take better defensive work than Yale has shown thus far to keep it from gaining.

That Harvard should have allowed Amherst on Saturday to score twice seems incredible, especially after the very strong defensive game she has shown, and I must believe they had some reason for permitting a team not very strong to drive her centre steadily back to the home goal. If not, then indeed her team is made of peculiar stuff, and her chances against Yale very slim.

Yale will probably not lighten her centre in view of the recent changes at Cambridge, as, if she did, the combined weight of the Harvard middle could without doubt literally smash back the centre of the Yale line. McCormick is not the man to lose sight of this, and I expect to see him adding enough weight to his centre to prevent such a catastrophe. Indeed, one of his strongest reasons for so persistently clinging to Stillman as a centre lies in the fact that he is in constant dread of being too light in the middle of the line to stop centre bucking. And then, too, Stillman is no longer the figure-head he was; he has had undivided attention the last ten days, and his improvement is so marked that he is a different man entirely. He is no longer slow, but tosses his men out of his way like a bull, and does more than his share of the tackling in the centre. His getting the ball back, which was something atrocious only a short time since, is now better than that of the average snap back. I hasten to do justice to the man, and if the same amount of improvement takes place in his play from now until November 19th, McCormick will not be forced to putting Sanford back in the centre. Wallis, too, shows much better form; better even than at any time last year. His tackling is sharp and strong, and he not only gets through on his runs, but recovers on the other side of the line, and repeatedly makes long gains. He eclipses his brother tackle Winter in this respect, although there is little to choose between them in plunging. Winter's tackle play is weaker, and he is slow in getting into place. Rhodes will not let that last long, however, when he comes on to look after his last year's protégé. Stillman's game against Tuffts was so poor that I ought to recall all the good things said of him.

Both Greenway and Norton put up very good games on the end, in place of Cochran, whose broken hand will keep him out of it for this season. There is not much margin between the two, but Norton is the faster. In fact, the way he ran down Graves recently when that man had a clear field shows that even Jim Lee will have to hurry to show him a pair of heels. Every one is more or less interested in O'Neil, for his size leads you to imagine great possibilities; but he has been rather disappointing in his progress. Whether from ignorance of the game or a lack of work, he doesn't seem to do any great amount of damage to his opponents' plays, or aid very materially in the efforts of his own side. Ives has been laid off for a time, having, I fancy, started in rather too vehemently for a man beginning late in the season. Stillman's improvement, O'Neil's lack of energy, and Ives's indecision have probably once more upset McCormick's ideas of what his centre trio will be. Then, too, Sanford is showing a very slow but none the less steady progress in the acquirement of the qualities of a guard, while Hickok has more than earned a chance to be tried for the place by his energetic play of the last week. When McCrae faces Sanford he is the first man through upon the runner, which again complicates matters. For the life of me I cannot see how Yale is going to avoid the Harvard jumble of last season, and every week that goes by seems only to increase McCormick's perplexity.

It is easy enough to cry out that it is high time to settle upon three men for the centre, and then play them without further change, but it is the hardest thing in the world to actually choose the three.

Probably no greater effort to develop a team has ever been made at New Haven than that of this week, which brings together the following men to look over the situation and take the various parts of the team in hand: Rhodes for the tackles, Heffelfinger for the guards, Corbin for the centres, Wallace and Knapp for the ends, Beecher for the quarters, McClung, Terry, and Bull for the halves and back. With such an array any other college would speedily find itself involved in a fight that would shake the team into more disunion than ever, but at New Haven all these men will work together, and I expect to see some marvellous progress. Yale's interference is good, but their defensive line work will never keep Harvard out of their goal unless it is improved.

Cornell's score of 76 to 0 against Lehigh in two forty-five minute halves does not indicate that Cornell is to be classed among the weaker colleges this autumn. And while the home team was very light and inexperienced, still the frequent scoring could not all be accounted for in this way. Cornell played with a vigor and dash equal to any work of even Yale. Each man was thoroughly awake to the idea that he had a part in every play, and when a Lehigh back dodged or shook off one or two men he found as many more close on him. As a result, Lehigh never made more than five yards, and was repeatedly stopped behind the line. It was impossible to judge as to whether Cornell was working any special style of defensive play, for her line threw the Lehigh rushers back at will, and completely demoralized their team-work and interference. Cornell, during the ninety minutes, certainly proved to be well grounded in hard low tackling.

The backs indulged in some very bad fumbling, which, against a rush line of equal strength, would have been fatal, and they were weak in handling kicks.

The interference both for line plays and end runs looked very pretty and effective against Lehigh, but would have counted for little against such men as the Yale and Princeton tackles and ends, as the runner was often too far from his interferers to be helped.

The point most open to criticism was the slowness and irregularity with which the ball was got from the snap back through the quarter to the runner. This was surprising, considering the quickness and snap of the general play, and would often result in a loss of ground even against Lehigh's overmatched rushers.

Another weak point was the poor kicking of the full back, Brown. He was slow and short in his punts.

Individually the men who showed up best were Osgood, right half; Young, left end; and Johanson, left tackle. Osgood ran in a truly beautiful manner, dodging, spurting, and warding off in a way that is seldom seen on any field against even the weakest team. He, too, followed his interference better than the others, until an opportunity offered, when he would shoot out with a force and speed that was hard to bring down. Nothing escaped Young on the tackle, and he worked hard and effectually to aid Osgood.

Johanson was well taken care of by Ritchey when Lehigh had the ball; but his rushing was too much for them, and he never failed to make his distance, and often a good deal besides. He, however, left his position at tackle, and took that of left half back, when running, and always made for an opening between right end and tackle. This would prove too plain a play to work against a strong team.

The Yale-Harvard game at Springfield, which was so ably handled last year, will this year again be under the same careful management of Mr. Charles E. Stickney and his associates, and the comfort of the spectator is to be still further guaranteed by not only reserved sections, but reserved seats as well, and each one with a back rest.

Here in New York on Thanksgiving day the University Athletic Club, which has assumed charge of the matter at the urgent request of both universities, will keep speculation out of the tickets and give the public a fair distribution, have the entrances at Manhattan Field numerous, and the care of spectators, once inside, efficient, and keep the field clear of all save those absolutely having business there.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

"AMERICAN FOOTBALL."—(WITH CHAPTER ON TEAM-PLAY.)—BY WALTER CAMP.—ILLUSTRATED.—PRICE, $1 25.—HARPER & BROTHERS.